

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

No. 837, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Character and Times of Thomas Cromwell: a Sixteenth Century Criticism. By Arthur Galton. (Birmingham: Cornish.)

It is certainly not a very easy task to form a strictly impartial estimate of either of the two great statesmen who bore the name of Cromwell. Each rode upon the whirlwind of a great political, social, and religious revolution; and how far it may be said of each (especially of the earlier one) that he directed the storm, or, if he did direct it, how far it was for good, and how far for evil, are questions that will doubtless be variously answered in the future as they have been in the past. We may, however, not unreasonably entertain a hope that the progress of historical research will do something in either case to narrow the grounds of controversy; and that, as the public mind is gradually educated to a clearer appreciation of both the great movements out of which the modern history of England has been developed, it will be possible to speak of both of the Cromwells without political or religious bias.

The present little book is avowedly an essay, not a history or a biography, though the author throws out some indication that he may be led to favour us one day with a more elaborate work. It is to be hoped he will; but, at the same time, let us say at once, we trust he will not do so prematurely. For, though we are happy to acknowledge that the present is a work of considerable study and some original thinking, we believe that more deliberate reflection will modify not a few of the author's judgments, and lead to more valuable results. Indeed, when he honestly confesses, at the end of the book, that, "after all, he hardly knows what to say of Cromwell," it is evident that he cannot harmonise even his present knowledge of the man with his general conceptions of history. Under these circumstances, he should take a wider range, and ask himself, in the light of more extended reading, whether his own conceptions have been sufficiently emancipated from mere conventional opinion. For it is clear that there are some rather essential things which he has not yet thought out. He declines, for instance, to discuss the rather marked characteristics of the master whom Cromwell served, referring timidly to what has been said on that subject by Bishop Stubbs, as a view which it would be presumptuous in him to question. But, surely, an original estimate of Thomas Cromwell can hardly go well with a mere secondhand estimate of Henry VIII., however good the authority may be from which the latter is derived. For in truth, secondhand acceptance is not genuine approval; and it is clear that Mr. Galton, however much he bows to Bishop Stubbs's authority, has

not read the history of Henry's life and reign from Bishop Stubbs's view at all. Let him look into the matter for himself; and when he has really found the key of Henry's character, he will be less at a loss with regard to that of Cromwell.

Bishop Stubbs, for instance, will hardly, I think, endorse Mr. Galton's opinion that Henry's statesmanship was second rate, and that his foreign policy, in particular, was a proof of it. Nor is it altogether credible, as suggested on p. 187, that Cromwell saw a means of increasing his master's power which a regard for the future liberties of England restrained him from laying before Henry. That was certainly not the impression of the men of the North, who considered him the king's evil genius, and clamoured for his punishment. Neither was it the opinion of Cardinal Pole, who some years before his elevation to the cardinalate left his native country, as he tells us, simply and solely because he perceived that with Cromwell's growing ascendancy in the king's councils he could no longer hope to speak his honest opinion without danger to his neck. For, indeed, Cromwell had told him pretty frankly the principles on which he conceived a wise councillor ought to give advice: none of your scholastic disquisitions as to what was just or honorable; the true, practical philosophy was to study what was in the mind of your prince and then devise all means for carrying it out. This was the line suggested by Cromwell's favourite author Machiavelli, of whose famous treatise he had a copy in MS. and showed it to Pole some years before it was published.

Mr. Galton has not taken notice of this incident. If he had he could hardly have regarded Cromwell as the real statesman of the time, and Henry as only following his guidance. The truth, in fact, was exactly the reverse. Henry VIII. was a king who, whatever else may have been deficient in his character, always knew his own mind thoroughly; and Cromwell saw, and saw quite truly, that the only road to preferment was through complete subservience. Machiavelli was the best instructor to a man whose great object was to get on. But whatever Cromwell effected, it was not based on grand schemes for the good of England. It was based on the policy declared by himself to Pole, of endeavouring to find out what was in his sovereign's mind, and then devising methods for carrying it into effect.

I should be sorry, indeed, if these remarks had the effect of blinding either myself or anyone else to a possibly higher view of Cromwell's policy. But I must say that this view is the natural interpretation of what, unless Pole has belied him, were the principles of conduct confessed by Cromwell himself; and applying it to the facts of his life, it seems to me a perfectly adequate explanation. He was simply a consummate man of business, who had a very clear appreciation of the sort of world in which he lived, and saw, up to a certain point at least, the way to make the best of it for himself. He perhaps even saw—indeed he could hardly but have seen—that the course he was pursuing had its perils as well as its reward; but having once embarked on the sea of politics it was not in his power to recover a sure haven.

And let it be said, as really a redeeming point, that he does not seem to have been a "vile politician" from the first. It is clear that he had sown some kind of wild oats in youth, that he had gone abroad in consequence, and become a soldier in the French service in Italy. Reduced to beggary by the fortune of war, he is said to have been assisted to return to England by the Florentine banker, Frescobaldi; and there seems no reason to doubt the fact, though dates are a little puzzling. He applied himself to business, and soon became wonderfully prosperous, combining a singular variety of occupations, as those of a lawyer, cloth-merchant, and money-lender. He was employed by Wolsey in the work of suppressing some small monasteries with a view to the foundation of the cardinal's two colleges in Ipswich and in Oxford. This suppression, although authorised both by royal and papal authority, was unpopular in the country; and the cardinal's agents were undoubtedly guilty of something like peculation, for which Cromwell very nearly got into serious trouble. He was, however, shielded till the cardinal's fall by the fact of being in the cardinal's service. But on his master's disgrace he stood in the utmost possible danger; and then, as he said, he determined to "make or mar" by going to court and saying a word for himself. His facile tongue won the day; for it so happened that Henry was at the moment almost checkmated in his pursuit of a divorce, and his councillors rejoiced in the belief that he had really given it up. But Cromwell suggested that Henry's councillors were too timid. The king was really head of the Church in his own country; and if he met with any obstacle he could force the clergy to acknowledge his supremacy, cut off all appeals to Rome, and make it treason in anyone to oppose his wishes.

Henry saw from that moment that Cromwell was the man to serve his turn, and from the danger of imprisonment Cromwell stepped at once into the sunshine of royal favour. He knew too well after that that his safety depended on carrying still further the policy by which he had risen. He never thought of crossing the royal will, but rather of anticipating it at every turn. He was a master of the art of pleasing, and soon eclipsed all the old nobility at the council table. For he could do what they could not—take a regular pommeling from the royal fist, and look as comfortable after it as if he had received the highest honour. (Mr. Galton does not tell us this by the by.) He was callous as to all the enormities of the times, and even justified them boldly. He fell because the Anne of Cleves marriage seemed the only way to get the king out of difficulties, and when the Anne of Cleves marriage had served its purpose it was set aside.

But he did great things? Yes, undoubtedly. It was he who made the Church of England a State Church in the sense in which it has been so ever since—a spectacle alike to Dissenters and Roman Catholics, who despise it for succumbing to a power from which the Pope was unable to protect it. It was he who was mainly instrumental in setting up the royal supremacy, and in administering it as the king's vicegerent. That the Church was purified by the galling tyranny to which it was subjected we may

admit without saying, like Mr. Galton, that the clergy were "decidedly unpopular," or the monks exceedingly corrupt. Many things have been reformed since that day; and we in this later age inherit the blessings of a great revolution of which we have not endured the penalties. The papacy itself has been reformed, and, as Mr. Galton truly points out, stands no longer on the same basis that it did. Nor is this the only shrewd remark in Mr. Galton's book; but it certainly exhibits several crudities and deficiencies as well, and I have been led to part company with the author more, perhaps, than a reviewer ought to do in order to supply a few of his omissions.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

Greek the Language of Christ and his Apostles. By Alexander Roberts, D.D. (Longmans.)

FOR full a quarter of a century Dr. Roberts has been trying to convince the world that Greek was the language of Christ and his apostles; that in that language, at least, they delivered their public discourses, though they might in familiar intercourse make occasional use of Aramaic. But, though he is able to mention one "great scholar" who, so far back as 1862, wrote in the *Saturday Review* that the evidence adduced was such as could "hardly leave a doubt in the mind of unprejudiced readers," he does not seem to have made many converts since among those qualified to judge. Is it possible, however, that the learned world is clinging to a mere prejudice, reluctant to look facts in the face? It cannot be denied that scholars are sometimes as obstinately tenacious of their opinions as less enlightened people, and it may be so in the present instance. No doubt it would be a great and very difficult confession to make that on such a point the world has been wrong for eighteen centuries, and that it has been reserved for Dr. Roberts to set it right; but the world has been in error before, and whatever the truth may be it must be allowed free course. I am not, indeed, going to say just yet "almost thou persuadest me to believe" that Christ spoke Greek; but, after attentively reading Dr. Roberts's volume, I cannot say less than this—that he has, in my judgment, made out a very strong case, and has shown cause why the whole question should be carefully reconsidered.

That Greek was generally understood in Palestine in the time of Christ, and was the common medium of intercourse between the Jews and men of other nationalities, or between the Palestinian Jews and their brethren of the dispersion, cannot, perhaps, be disputed; and, on the other hand, Dr. Roberts does not deny that Aramaic was in daily use among the natives in conversing with one another. What he maintains is that the Galileans and, indeed, all the Palestinian Jews were at this time, and had been for a century or two past, bilingual, and that while clinging to their native *patois* among themselves, they were perfectly able to understand and converse in a language that passed for Greek. This being so, it really does not seem so improbable—and the question after all is much more one of probabilities than might at first sight be imagined—that in addressing large multitudes, in which there

could scarcely fail to be numbers of foreigners, Jesus should have employed the language which would be most generally understood. If Dr. Roberts had not gone beyond this, there would be less difficulty in following him; but, apparently, he would not be satisfied unless it were admitted that all the recorded sayings of Jesus, with only, perhaps, some very trifling exceptions, have come to us in the very words in which they were uttered.

It is certainly strange that there is so little direct evidence upon the point in question; but the fact that the evangelists never hint that they are throughout translating what was spoken in another tongue is, at least, not unfavourable to Dr. Roberts's theory. Not much, at least, can be inferred from the reproach to Peter, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee," since that would apply to a peculiarity of accent even better than to difference of language; nor from the surprise of the chief captain in the case of Paul, since he did not yet know what nation he was of; nor yet from the address of that apostle immediately afterwards, seeing it is noted as something exceptional or, at least, not necessarily to be expected, that he spoke in Hebrew. Still, Dr. Roberts should admit that this last piece of evidence is rather against him; for it is certainly apparent that to the mass of the people, even in Jerusalem, their native tongue was more welcome than the language of the foreigner, however much it may be implied that the latter was perfectly intelligible to them. But it is Josephus who is generally considered to decide the point; and yet, when the statements of Josephus are fairly weighed, it will be found that they are not so entirely irreconcilable as is generally assumed with the supposition that he may have been familiar from his childhood with such Hebraistic Greek as would be spoken in Palestine. It is clearly one thing to be able to speak a language intelligibly, and another to have a command of it for literary purposes; and the Greek of Josephus is sufficiently far from that of the Sermon on the Mount to account for the difficulty he experienced in acquiring the style of which he eventually became master. Still, it may be suspected that most people will think that this is rather a forced construction to put on the well-known passage in the *Antiquities*. Dr. Roberts achieves a less doubtful success in dealing with those cases in the Gospels in which the Aramaic words are actually given, and here it seems to me he distinctly turns in his own favour a point which is usually thought to be decisive on the other side; for why should attention be drawn to those instances unless they were wholly exceptional? We can understand it, of course, in the cry from the cross, because the "Eli" is required to explain the mistake of the bystanders; but, if Jesus constantly used Aramaic, it really does seem strange that we should be informed that he did so in addressing Jairus's daughter, or that the words themselves should be given, as if they were some charm. This is an argument that should tell powerfully with those who accept the tradition about Mark's gospel having been written at the dictation of Peter; but it will naturally have less effect with those who agree with Baur in regarding Mark's minute touches as simply a feature of his literary

style. That at least Christ could on occasion speak Greek can scarcely be denied, considering the number of persons of different nationalities with whom he must have come in contact. His trial before the Roman governor would presumably be conducted in Greek, and I am not aware that it has ever been maintained that his silence upon that occasion was caused by his ignorance of the language in which he was addressed.

The testimony of Papias as to the original language of Matthew's Gospel is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of Dr. Roberts's hypothesis, and is felt by him to be so. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should make the most of Eusebius's disparaging estimate of Papias's intelligence, and so try to set him aside as an untrustworthy witness. The statement of Papias is assuredly not free from difficulties, and many have thought themselves justified in rejecting it. That our Greek Matthew is not a translation will be so generally conceded that it was hardly necessary for Dr. Roberts to dwell at such length on the subject; neither can the suggestion, so often made, that it is a duplicate Gospel written at a later period by the same apostle, claim to be anything more than a mere guess in the interests of orthodoxy; but there seems to be no reason why it might not be a free composition by a different hand, founded on the original Aramaic of Matthew. At any rate, the existence of the Nazarene Gospel, which, whatever may have been its relations with our Matthew, is known to have been written in Hebrew, would seem of itself to show that the knowledge of Greek was hardly so universal as we are invited to believe. We must, however, I think, agree with Dr. Roberts that the report about Pantaenus having found the Gospel of Matthew in Hebrew letters in India, left there by the apostle Bartholomew, is too vague to count for very much. Whether he is altogether wise in trying to discredit Papias, considering his importance as a witness to Peter's connexion with Mark, I will not stop to inquire.

The use made of the LXX. in the New Testament is justly considered by the author as a point in his favour; but it is surely too much to assume, with Isaac Vossius, that that version was commonly read in the synagogues of Palestine. I am not aware that there is a shred of positive evidence for such an opinion; and if there is no reason to doubt that the Scriptures were read in the original Hebrew and then translated into the popular dialect, whatever that may have been, there is no force in Dr. Roberts's question as to what has become of the Aramaic version.

It may be that there are passages in the Gospels inconsistent with this view, and Dr. Roberts does not fail to urge them; but it need not be said there is an alternative way of getting over the difficulty they present. Nor is it necessary to follow the writer into his discussion of other points of interest. It may suffice to say that he has not, so far as I can see, evaded any difficulty or missed any point which could be urged in favour of his theory; but many of his arguments depend for their force on assumptions as to the strict authenticity of the books of the New Testament and the historical accuracy of their contents, which will not now be allowed to pass undisputed.

That the Gospel question would be somewhat simplified by dispensing with the necessity of assuming an Aramaic source or sources for our Greek Gospels will probably not be denied. Dr. Roberts is sanguine enough to believe that if his hypothesis were accepted, no doubt would remain that we have the *ipsissima verba* of the Lord in the reports of his discourses, parables, and conversations, as we find them in our four Gospels. May I be permitted to say that this seems to imply a very innocent view of the present state of New Testament criticism? That something—indeed, much—would be gained in this respect may, perhaps, be conceded. But, if there are solid grounds for believing that the discourses in John's Gospel, for instance, are the free composition of the writer, or at least deeply coloured by his cast of thought, they could not be shaken by any change in our judgment as to the language which Christ habitually spoke. And in all the Gospels there are passages—more or fewer—which a rational criticism will refer to a later period than the lifetime of Christ. Still, the question is, in itself, one of great interest; and Dr. Roberts need not be dissatisfied if he is admitted to have shown that Greek was more commonly understood in Palestine than, perhaps, has been hitherto believed.

ROBERT B. DRUMMOND.

Song-Tide: Poems and Lyrics of Love's Joy and Sorrow. By Philip Bourke Marston. Edited, with Introductory Memoir, by William Sharp. (Walter Scott)

MORE, alas! of love's sorrow than its joy are the poems of Philip Bourke Marston, for surely upon no brow has been written "a mortal sentence, a hieroglyph of sorrow," more stern than upon his.

There are few of us, I should think, still unacquainted with that life of persistent sadness of which these poems are the outcome; but for any such Mr. William Sharp has told the story with manly tenderness and fine insight in the introductory memoir prefixed to this volume, which seems substantially the same as that accompanying the recent collection of stories by his dead friend. How far removed, however, from puling and puking was Marston's attitude readers of that memoir will be aware, though even his poetry alone, rightly read, cannot surely give that impression. Sad to monotony, to absolute pain, indeed it is, but the sorrow is manfully borne; and never does it lead the poet into blasphemy against joy. Far removed indeed is it from the pessimistic honey-poison of much of our modern song, which, with all its charms and graces, it would be well for us to have burnt by the common hangman; for the strongest of us have struggle enough to keep our faces to the dawn without such sapping of our faith. If these singers could but realise how miserably selfish is their wailing, surely they would keep silence; or, if they "do but sing because they must"—as they all declare—they might wait for the midnight, and then from the top of some high tower let the murder out, like poisonous chimneys, where there are none but the angels to weep, or be harmed.

If Marston had been of their disposition, he would have found a malignant vocation in embittering those waters which he might not drink, and striven his utmost to affright the happy security of lovers by some materialising philosophy of the vanity of living and loving. But how different was his endeavour! Because he is in the dark himself, must he declare the sunlight a myth?

"Because my life is dark and desolate,
Would I make your lives sad, all ye who say
'Bright are the skies above, and fair the way,
Darkness may come, the present is the sun's!'
Love knows I would not; fear not then my song,
I speak strange words; ye know not yet the tongue."

And the same tender solicitude moves him in another sonnet, which I am sorry to miss from Mr. Sharp's selections, the first of the "Preludes" to *All in All*, beginning

"Oh! ye whose hearts on happy things are set."

But it is time I was considering the volume in hand more curiously. In coming to such a selection from work one has loved, one always expects, like Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, to "sigh the lack of many a thing we sought"; but I am glad to say at once that I have been quite surprised at the fewness of such disappointments in the present instance. Mr. Sharp has chosen to represent Marston's sonnet work by a hundred examples, and the most enthusiastic lover of the poet could hardly ask more. Indeed, to my mind, such a number, however selected, must include some that one hardly cares to remember; and, moreover, I am quite of Mr. Sharp's opinion that, with the exception of two or three supreme examples—such as "Not Thou but I," "Desolate," and "No Death"—Marston's best work must be sought, not among his sonnets, but among his lyrics. He has too little invention and fecundity of thought to save the stress of his sad music from becoming a strain, and many of his sonnets are solely dependent on that music driven by the strength of his emotion. The paucity of images is surprising, though he frequently rings the changes to weariness on those he possesses; while jarring metrical irregularities, prose words, and even bathos, are all too frequent. The lack of "fundamental brain-work"—as Mr. Sharp says, quoting Rossetti—must be admitted. But, nevertheless, all this confessed, some few of his sonnets are exceedingly fine; and, surely, those I have mentioned are beyond praise. Mr. Sharp is right in thinking that he has missed few that are noteworthy. At the same time there are one or two unincorporated which I had hoped to meet with again; and though I am aware it is more than likely that in doing so I but give expression to individual preference, it will be as well to mention them. I should have liked the "Greeting" from *Song-Tide*—

"Rise up my song, stretch forth thy wings and fly"—

if but for the sake of artistic arrangement; the sonnet containing the fine image of the lake; "Love's Shrines," and "Finis." From *All in All* I miss "Spring's Return," "Sad Dreams," "Thy Voice," and "In Heaven"; and from *Wind Voices* "My Love" and "Man and Spring." And surely that fine address to his song called "Beyond Reach," with its

exquisite figure of the lark, should have been included:

"What time the lark soars singing to the skies,
We know he falters, know the poor song dies,
That fain would reach Heaven's gate sustained
and strong.
But angels bending from the shining brink
Catch the faint note, and know the poor song fails,
Having no strength to reach their heavenly height."

There are several sonnets included in the selections which, in the weakness of the flesh, I feel might give place to those I have mentioned.

Coming to the longer poems, though I miss but little I sought, I feel that that little might have been included by the omission of some which, it seems to me, most of Marston's lovers would not be sorry to lose. The foolish "Medley," for instance, or "Sir Launcelot's Song to Guenever," which is hardly more than commonplace, the turgid "Vision"—how well could we have spared these for the "Ballad"—

"O! mother the wind wails wearily"

—or the delicate "Garden Reverie." Surely there are verses in "In the November Night" which one would care to read again; and coming to *Wind Voices*, I personally could well miss the ballads of "Brave Women" and "Monk Julius," both of which seem to me most commonplace, and in the latter of which the poet is capable of such lines as

"The monk sprang up and he cried 'Oh, bliss!'
His lips sought hers in a desperate kiss."

To speak disrespectfully of "Caught in the Nets" is, I suppose, contempt against high authority; but the subject has always seemed to me too out of the way and fantastic for artistic treatment. Stronger than its predecessors in many ways as Marston's last volume was, there is no dramatic attempt in it, in my judgment, at all comparable to the "Christmas Vigil" which he printed in *Song-Tide*, and which, of course, Mr. Sharp includes. In none of his poems does he gather up his powers with firmer grasp, and in none is he more free from his besetting sins; while a power of dramatic imagination is displayed which is especially remarkable, as Mr. Sharp points out, in a youth of nineteen. For the ballads above mentioned I think we could have well exchanged the "Two Burdens" and "Ungathered Love," while it seems a pity that two or three verses at least from the "Lament" to Oliver Madox Brown should not have been included somewhere in the volume—this, for example, such appropriate moral from his life:

"O men and women, listen and be wise;
Refrain from love and friendship, dwell alone,
Having for friends and loves the seas, the skies,
And the fair land, for these are still your own.
The sun is yours, the moon and stars are yours,
For you the great sea changes and endures,
And every year the spring returns and lures;
I pray you only love what never dies."

But the work which makes this little volume chiefly precious is undoubtedly to be found in its later pages, where Mr. Sharp prints the "Garden Secrets," and brings together "Eleven Lyrics." In speaking of the former it is difficult to avoid hyperbole, though it would seem almost equally difficult to write any praise that should exceed justice, especially when we remember that Rossetti and Mr.

Bell Scott united in declaring them "worthy of Shakspeare in his subtlest lyrical moods," and that Mr. Theodore Watts has pronounced "The Rose and the Wind" a lyric that is absolutely perfect, perfect in conception and perfect in form." Indeed, so closely and musically does the form wed the conception, so alert is the fancy, so subtle the imagination, that were one unaware of the truth we could hardly suppose them the work of the sonneteer. Perhaps their ultimate power lies in the manner in which the poet has succeeded, without any suspicion of moralising, in winning from these trees and flowers of his garden what among men and women we call the human note, but what is really the one pathetic note of all life—as, for instance, in the grim concluding line to "The Rose and the Wind"—

"Roses must live and love, and winds must blow."

As to the "Eleven Lyrics," one can but repeat that they surely come nearer to the bird-note of the Elizabethan song-writers than perhaps any others of our day.

Altogether, this volume is one for which we cannot offer Mr. Sharp gratitude too warm, though the sweetest seal of his work will be the consciousness of having so lovingly, and yet so wisely, taken care for the fame of his friend. He says rightly that there is not room for all Marston has written. There is much, as I have said, in his three volumes that but obscures his true worth, and a judicious selection of the treasure from the dross was a true service to his name. Such, despite the few differences of opinion I have ventured to express—trivial indeed in relation to the whole selection—is Mr. Sharp's volume. To those who loved the poet in life on the footing of personal friendship, or to those, by no means few, who loved him from afar (for his personality was such as to make a friend of every kindly reader), this volume will carry a fragrance of sanctity. Many an hour this coming summer, when "birds besiege the twilight time with song," in such garden haunts as were so dear to Marston's heart, will this little volume be the companion of such lovers—not always for its "heard sounds," but for those still sweeter "unheard," which fill the soul when one's hand clasps a dear shut volume, and we feel it as another hand within our own.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

IN AND ABOUT AMERICA.

The Land of the Pink Pearl; or, Recollections of Life in the Bahamas. By L. D. Powles. (Sampson Low.)

A Fight with Distances: the States, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Columbia, Cuba, the Bahamas. By J. J. Aubertin. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

THE Bahamas, like the rest of the globe, have been a good deal written about, and sometimes, as in the case of Messrs. Ives' and Drysdale's volumes, with no small measure of rather vulgar vigour. However, these remote outliers of the Antilles are still sufficiently unfamiliar to the world at large to secure a welcome for the very readable chapters in which Mr. Louis Powles has given us the impressions of his eight months' residence in the colony. It

is not an exhaustive or a scientific book, and is none the worse for being neither; but it is never dull, and often extremely entertaining, though it is well to add that the entertainment is likely to be confined to this side of the Atlantic. In New Providence it is not calculated to afford much pleasure, except to the black people, whose champion the author, in opposition to his early prepossessions, found himself compelled to become.

Mr. Powles held a judicial appointment in the islands. But he does not seem to have got on very well with the Methodist oligarchy which governs it; and very early in his career found it convenient to seek a more congenial sphere of usefulness. However, during his stay he managed, as circuit justice, to visit nearly all the principal islands, and to pick up a great deal of useful and, we believe—though Nassau will, no doubt, loudly deny this assumption—trustworthy information regarding the condition of the population. The account he gives is not flattering, for though the climate of the Bahamas is perfection, the spirit of men is far from divine. On the contrary, the colony is a nest of corruption, oppression, and wrong doing. The legislature is simply one large family. There is not a bank in the islands, the one which was established a few years ago having failed with half the officials in its debt, while

"some persons, whose positions render it especially desirable that they should be independent, are so handicapped by their indebtedness to Nassau merchants that they cannot call their souls their own."

The coloured population, we are told, hate the whites, and were it not for the presence of the soldiers would massacre them to-morrow. But they have not learnt the art of organisation, and are consequently powerless.

"The result is that the House of Assembly is little less than a family gathering of Nassau whites, nearly all of whom are related to each other either by blood or marriage. Laws are passed simply for the benefit of the family, while the coloured people are ground down and oppressed in a manner that is disgraceful to the British flag" (p. 41).

Mr. Powles loudly demands that panacea for every evil—a royal commission, for the purpose of investigating the state of the colony. Before this tribunal he is prepared to prove that within twenty years

"men have been sold into actual slavery to Surinam, that men of colour are denied equal justice before the law when their opponents are white, and have even been punished as misdemeanants for daring to enter the house of God by the door reserved for the white man" (p. 302).

This is the serious aspect of Mr. Powles's book. But he is not always so severe; and in the chapter treating of Bahaman society he supplies some very amusing, if rather acrimonious, descriptions of the manners of the "Conchs," or native whites; of the long-lived negroes; of the pomposity of the petty vice-regal court; of the legislature and the upper house, the members of which are prone to regard themselves as peers of their little realm; of the life of the different islands, of some of their industries, with notes on a variety of other topics. These accounts are

throughout coloured by an unconcealed dislike of the dominant race; and Mr. Powles's personal grievance, as might have been expected, seems to have occasionally affected his otherwise judicious estimate of the country, of which he gives so candid an account. On the whole, he appears to have liked the negroes best. His description of them is certainly the least caustic in the book. Many of them, having been landed on the islands within the last thirty years, still retain their old African tribal names. But all alike are vehemently loyal to "the good missus," their Queen; and in the names they apply to their children they are fully abreast of the latest ebbs and flows of political popularity. There are innumerable Prince of Wales's, Prince Alberts, and Prince Alfreds with black faces. There is a man named Tiberius Gracchus, a boy on whom his enthusiastic parents inflicted the name of Thadeus de Warsaw Toot, while a third bears the title of the Duke of Wellington. Granville Sharp is a common name; and of late the negroes have begun christening the children "Randolph Churchill," a signature not quite so burdensome as "John Barbadoes and the Windward Islands," which, in a fit of pro-episcopal fervour, a black baby was decreed to sign. Partisan politics, however, run high in the Bahamas; and in an age of Gallios it is refreshing to hear of a certain old lady who is prepared to dispose of her worldly goods in order to have the pleasure of assisting at the execution of an eminent English statesman, whose trimming ways have aroused her patriotic indignation.

Mr. Powles's volume would have been of more lasting value had he possessed some scientific knowledge, and so been able to supply precise information about many of the natural features of the islands which he visited. An index would also be an improvement. However, taking his book as a whole, it deserves praise for the general interest it preserves throughout. Assuredly, it leaves little to be desired so far as pungent language is concerned. The author tells us of "Blue-beard wells" in the Bahamas of which if any man drink he will never leave the enchanted isles; but he assures us that he avoided the temptation to quench his thirst at these springs. And, we confess, after reading his book, that, in resisting this impulse, the circuit judge would seem to have displayed a most commendable discretion.

Mr. Aubertin also has visited the Bahamas. But he reached them after a roundabout journey which took him two and a half times across the North American continent, and once down its entire length, in addition to a voyage to Hawaii and several other places. A tour so extensive, undertaken in the course of less than ten months, could, at best, be only a series of glimpses. It was not only a "fight with distances" but a fight with days, and, no doubt, with dust also. Mr. Aubertin has, however, made the most of his time and space. He is no tiro in foreign parts, and is already favourably known in literature as the translator of the *Zusids* and the "Seventy Sonnets" of Camoens into English, and by several books of travel. The result is that, having seen men and cities, he writes with none of the rawness of the novice, whose only model for comparison is London or that part of Great Britain with which

he happens to be more or less familiar. It is true that he did not leave the well-trodden tracks. But what he saw he describes with excellent effect, great good humour, and not infrequently with a keenness of penetration which gives his book a distinct value above the many volumes of a similar character written by less experienced appraisers of their species.

Provided with the best of introductions, he met all the men worth meeting, and saw all the places worth seeing, so that the reader has an excellent opportunity of putting himself abreast of the latest information on a great many points. Indeed, poor though many of the tourist narratives are, they are not without a purpose; for the New World is so changing that it is never certain whether the man who has "read up" a region or a city or an "institution" in 1887 is in 1888 quite in possession of the latest facts. It is, in truth, to a middle-aged *laudator temporis acti* (in even a moderate way), a little depressing to read of the Far West of to-day, and compare it with the romantic region of his youth. Corn fields wave where the buffalo roamed, and noisy railway stations stand on the spot where, twenty years ago, he pitched his tent, while cities are rising in the woods where he shot deer or trapped beaver; and the worst of the reflection is that, while he might have owned the entire site, he failed to secure so much as a town lot! Nor do the citizens seem ever to remember the pioneer by naming a street after him. It is, for example, a little curious to read in Mr. Aubertin's pleasant volume (p. 114) that Kicking Horse Pass was named from an accident which happened to "a certain Dr. Hector." In the blithesome days of 1863, Hector and Palliser were familiar names. Palliser is gone; and the Pacific Railroad people do not appear to have remembered either him or his companion amid the swarm of commonplace politicians and other passing nonentities after whom they have named their railway stations. New Zealand, however, is happily still well acquainted with Sir James Hector, the director-general of its geological survey.

Mr. Aubertin's volume, we ought to add, is illustrated by some excellent photographs, though, in common with that of Mr. Powles, *A Fight with Distances* would be improved by an index, when the dignity of that second edition, to which its merits so well entitle it, is attained.

ROBERT BROWN.

A Treatise on Money and Essays on present Monetary Problems. By J. Shield Nicholson. (Blackwood.)

MONEY is not only the "root of all evil" in practice; it is also prolific of vicious theory. First appearances—what the man in the street thinks—are almost always wrong; and the corrections of vulgar error which have been achieved by economists too often call for a second approximation. Prof. Nicholson is alive to all the dangers and difficulties of the subject; his comprehensive design covers both the first principles which are a stumbling-block to beginners and the controverted questions which puzzle specialists. The treatise is directed to the first object.

The author restates the portions of monetary theory which have been acquired for all time, which have been placed beyond controversy. As he observes, this body of science is larger than might be expected by those whose impressions are derived from newspapers and periodicals. The general reader hears only of the cases on which currency doctors disagree; the universally accepted principles are consigned to the text-books. Among such stores of ordered knowledge Prof. Nicholson's *Treatise on Money* deserves to occupy a high place. Less crowded with details than Jevon's manual on the same subject, and equally clear, it may with advantage be read by the student before, or even instead of, that justly popular work.

In the second part of the book we plunge into more contentious matter. The first essay is on John Law. It may be surmised that the flavour of economic heresy which attaches to the schemes of the notorious financier had some attraction for our author, himself, as a pronounced bimetalist, the proponent of monetary theories which appear paradoxical to many. He certainly makes out that Law was not so black as he has been painted. His advocacy is enhanced by the happy art of investing technical details with a literary form and human interest.

In subsequent essays he grapples with his monetary opponents more directly. The advantages of bimetalism, its practicability, its morality, the stability of the bimetallic ratio, are set forth in a series of brilliant chapters. Blow following blow discomfits at least the minor champions and auxiliary forces of the monometallist cause. The victor has not much mercy for the prostrate antagonist. "With many people," he sneers, "the mere mention of a general international agreement makes them quite deaf with their own volubility."

Many of the episodes in this contest are of extreme theoretical interest. The question is raised, What is the effect of improved methods of production upon the general level of prices? There is deduced the paradoxical, yet, we think, irrefragable, conclusion that the effect may be a rise of prices on an average. We emphasise the potential mood, suspecting that this consideration, like other bimetalist arguments, applies rather to conceivable cases than to the actual facts of modern commerce. Of course, much turns on what we mean by a "rise in the general level of prices." Prof. Nicholson is prepared with a definition of his own. He has propounded a new mode of measuring variations in the monetary standard. In our judgment upon this method we should, probably, differ from its author only by an article. What he regards as the method appears to us only a method—one of the many modes of measurement which have been proposed, though, no doubt, one of the best. His parental partiality seems to us very venial. We may say of originality in this abstruse subject what Lamb said speaking generally, that great respect is due to a man of one idea, for he has one more than most people.

Special attention is due to the last chapter on "the causes of movement in general prices." Prof. Nicholson happily illustrates the character of the problem:

"Suppose that a number of yachts are racing

with a steady breeze—then, to explain the greater speed of some compared to others, we should look to the build, to the sails, to the seamanship, and so on. . . . But, if the wind gradually and equally declined in force, or if the tide began to operate in a uniform way . . . surely there is no need to point out that we could not discover the strength of the tide, or of the wind, by examining the build of the various yachts and the seamanship of their crews."

Yet this is the spirit in which the variation of general prices has been investigated by persons more conversant with the details of commerce than with the principles of probabilities. The interest of the chapters culminates in the concluding section on the interaction of gold and silver prices. The complicated analysis is elegantly expressed in algebraic symbols, and translated into the vulgar tongue for the convenience of "those who are unfamiliar with, or distrust, symbolical reasoning."

The following is the most important of the "present monetary problems" discussed in this section. Suppose that there occurs in gold-monometallist countries—say, for brevity, the West—a "prior depreciation of silver," that is, a drop in the gold price of silver, while "there is otherwise nothing to change the general level of prices." Then, according to Prof. Nicholson, one at least of two consequences tends to occur. Either silver prices will rise in the (silver-monometallist) East, or gold prices will fall in the West. At present the first alternative has not occurred; it is maintained that we are experiencing the second. The moral seems to be that the monometallist, who has fancied himself secure in selfish isolation, may find that he is—in consequence of the accidental cheapening of the white metal which he has persisted in regarding as a mere commodity—exposed to all the disturbance and loss incident to a variation in the value of his monetary standard. Before accepting this corollary, we should like the theorem to be more fully expounded. Revert to the proposition that either silver prices in the East will rise, or gold prices in the West will fall. The horns of this dilemma, in spite of their specious appearance of symmetry, are not equally sharp. Silver prices in the East may rise in consequence (perhaps partly in anticipation) of silver being exported from the West. But how do gold prices in the West fall? What is the *modus operandi*? If we were dealing with the rank and file of the bimetalists, we should suspect the existence of a confused idea that the exchange with India may act like a *perpetuum mobile*, whereby a continual stream of uncompensated exports is poured "from the exhausted East." But Prof. Nicholson is quite above such a suspicion. Perhaps he will clear up this little difficulty on some future occasion, correcting by some original "second approximation" the conception which has hitherto satisfied economists, that international trade is virtually barter.

Whatever the issue of Prof. Nicholson's contentions, and even if the cause which he has so ardently supported is doomed to failure, it will still be true that he has made a splendid fight for it; and that, if bimetalism could have been defended, it would have been by him.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

Joyce. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Sylvia Arden. By Oswald Crawford. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Miser Farelbrother. By B. L. Farjeon. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Bonaventure. By G. W. Cable. (Sampson Low.)

Joan Vellacot. By Esmé Stuart. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Cloud on St. Angelo. By Cyril Bennett. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Paula. By O. Heller. (Berlin: Deubner.)

Joyce is, we think, for five-sixths of it at least, the best novel that Mrs. Oliphant has written for some dozen years. That fatal determination to stint the public, if not of, yet to, its sizings, which has been so noticeable in all her later work—that apparently tradeswomanlike resolution to give just as much interest, just as much art, just as much literary skill, as will put an ordinary novel reader through three volumes and not one pennyworth more—is nowhere evident until quite the end. This end is so unsatisfactory in every way that we only imagine Mrs. Oliphant to have said to herself—“This really will not do, I shall be giving them another *Salem Chapel* for their money if I go on like this”; and then to have botched the finish anyhow lest she should commit an unbusinesslike extravagance. But the ends of novels concern the critic of new books less than any other part, because he may not tell them; though they, perhaps, concern the critic in his purely critical capacity most of all. Almost all the rest of *Joyce* is capital. Mrs. Oliphant might, perhaps, have made her good Indian colonel a little less of a simpleton, his wife not quite so near an approach to a shrew, her heroine a little fuller of colour, and her heroine’s unsuccessful lover, Norman Bellen-dean, a good deal less of a stick. But it is only the fatal and unreasonable love of perfection which dictates such hypercriticism. The plot until its unravelling, or rather cutting, hinted at above, is simple enough, but quite sufficient. “*Joyce*,” as she is at first simply named, a foundling, or all but foundling, schoolmistress, is discovered accidentally by her father, Colonel Hayward, and his really amiable, but brusque and managing, second wife, and transferred from her Scotch home to the life of villadom, as some persons say, at Richmond. In her chrysalis state she has suffered, rather than accepted, the addresses of Andrew Halliday, a respectable, but pragmatical, person of her own profession; and in this entanglement, and the unsuitableness to her unsophisticated and dreamy nature of the Richmond life, lie such “motives” as are needed. The charm of the book, however, lies in the rapid and skilful dialogue and business which carry the reader along, and in the profusion of Mrs. Oliphant’s favourite types of character—types not very deeply struck or in very lasting material, but curiously vivid and workmanlike. Andrew Halliday is capital, and all the minor personages not yet noticed (and they are many) without exception good, the best being a certain Canon

Jenkinson and his rebellious district-clergywoman, Mrs. Sitwell.

Mr. Oswald Crawford has tried his hand at novel writing not a few times and in not a few ways, and though perhaps never with complete success, yet never without some measure of it. But we do not think he has ever done anything so good of its kind as *Sylvia Arden*. It is something between a pure romance and an enlarged Christmas story, is full of hair-breadth ‘scapes from imminent deadly Greeks and others, pilots the hero and the readers through them with speed and skill, and comes to a satisfactory and striking end. So far as it is necessary to say anything about the story it is easily told. Gregory Morson, a rather original villain (at least his most characteristic point—a sort of philosophic scoundrelism—does not remind us of anybody except Restif’s Gaudet d’Arras, whom it is very improbable that Mr. Crawford should have copied) and Sylvia Arden are not only betrothed persons but joint owners of a certain auriferous tract of country “on the western coast,” and, as its name is Scarfell Chace, we suppose rather on the north-west than the south-west. Morson, leasing Sylvia’s share, has turned the whole into a sort of wilderness, guarded by a walled pass through the hills and a steam yacht manned by a crew of Levantine desperadoes. He invites his old school comrade Julian Bearcroft to prospect for gold. But whether Bearcroft finds it or not, and what he finds else, and what Morson’s notions of proper behaviour to a friend are, and so forth, we utterly decline to say. Let it suffice that there are assassinations (attempted at least), druggings, fights by land and water, and all manner of good things. One situation is so extremely agreeable that we almost feel inclined to tell it. To sit upon a pile of small squared blocks in a dark cavern and agitating circumstances with a very agreeable and affectionately disposed young person could never be otherwise than pleasant; but to find that the small squared blocks are —. This, however, is telling, and we shall not go on. We have hardly more than one unfavourable criticism to make. Caverns are nothing, anybody may use caverns. But it is really a pity that Mr. Crawford, whose story is quite strong enough to stand on its own legs, should have, by prefixing a frontispiece map of Scarfell Chace and by certain remarks of Bearcroft’s (who tells the story) on his own character, have given just the handle which raisers of the silly cuckoo-cry of plagiarism or imitation are sure to seize.

Mr. Farjeon’s style is by this time quite a well-known one, and no doubt it has, like the styles of other practised writers, audiences ready made who appreciate it. To the casual critic it may seem to savour rather too much of Dickens, or rather of that school drawn from Dickens which flourished some five and twenty years ago. Thus, Jeremiah Pamflett, the villain of the present story, certainly seems like a compound reflection of Uriah Heap, Noah Claypole, and Jonas Chuzzlewit. Tom Barley, the good orphan boy, is at least suggestive of Kit Nubbles, and so on. Again, unkindly folk might say that the amiable Lethbridge family, and even their

fascinating niece and cousin, Phoebe Fairbrother, are just a trifle vulgar. But this kind of criticism, we repeat, is, in the case of an established writer, rather superfluous. The book shows, in its kind, practised craftsmanship enough.

A very different kind of praise can be given to Mr. Cable’s *Bonaventure*. Though dealing, as usual, with the author’s beloved Louisiana and its Creole and Acadian population, it is not in the least devoid of freshness; and it has that air of originality which, curiously enough, is as common in the small bulk of the literature of the Southern States as it is rare in the considerable bulk of the literature of the Northern. It cannot be said to have much story; and its title-hero, the schoolmaster, Bonaventure Deschamps, is not particularly interesting, except in his central scene, where his invincible sincerity gets the better of a plot which has been started by some of his enemies to ruin his reputation by a sham “inspection” of his scholars. The intended instrument of this plot, G. W. Tarbox, a book-cannasser of the familiar benevolent Yankee type, is also not extraordinarily enticing, though he is a good fellow enough in his way. The charm of the book lies rather in its succession of bright and masterly sketches of manners, dialogue, and scenery, than in any sustained interest of character or story. Only we wish Mr. Cable would not, according to an obliging, but extremely irritating, habit of his countrymen, translate perfectly intelligible, if sometimes slightly “dialected,” French phrases: *jarretière de la vierge*—“virgin’s garter”; *vieille*—“wife” (as if there were no such term here in English as “old woman”), and so forth, are, as Mr. Cable would put it, *agaçant*—“teasing.”

Joan Vellacot is a book of which it is not easy to say much. If the author, with that illegitimate readiness to revert to *les grands moyens* against which we always protest, had not killed off one of her heroines in a sudden and tragic manner her book would be a kind of “Much Ado About Nothing.” Joan Vellacot is a flirt—which is sad, perhaps; and she does not entirely discontinue the practice when her partner in the game has married someone else—which is sad, of course. Hector Duncan, a hero in battle but not altogether a saint, marries someone he does not love, because the someone whom he does love, or thinks he does, is engaged (or he thinks she is engaged, for there is much misunderstanding) to somebody else. There are minor characters showing capability rather than accomplishment. The really central figure, Margaret Duncan—a girl who might have been perfectly happy but for her own mistake and other people’s faults—is better imagined than carried out. If the criticism did not seem rather too curious and carping, we should say that *Joan Vellacot* has the general plot of a French novel worked out on the lines of an English one, and that the combination is not happy. The violent ends without the violent delights somehow do not suit. Yet the book is readable enough in parts.

The same common fault of beginners—the tendency to squander and abuse death and unhappiness—appears in Mr. Cyril Bennett’s

book. If you take a very beautiful, clever, amiable, and virtuous young woman, accumulate on her all the worst ills of life—poverty, orphanhood, the necessity of being a school-mistress, an ungrateful family, a worthless lover, an apparently triumphant rival, a tragical and heroic death—of course you can make a story pathetic after a fashion; but in that case you are only the cook who makes a dinner with a great deal of money. Mr. Bennett, however, is so obviously a novice, and there are touches in his book of such promise, that we bear not too hardly on him. Madie Willoughby, the heroine's innocent rival, is decidedly good.

In *Paula*, a very short story, Herr Heller has given a good example of the theatrical novel—or at least the novel with continuous relations to the stage—of which Germans have long been fond, and which is now not unpopular in England. Although the story is short, it has various turning-points, which are managed with considerable skill. The heroine, a dancer in her first youth, and of an old stage family, makes a love match, is left a young widow with one child, gets on but ill with her husband's family, is drawn back to the stage as a singer this time and with great success, and meets at her highest fame the son whom she has practically abandoned, without at first knowing him, and without others—including her teacher and impresario, who has a desperate passion for her—knowing him either. What follows may be read or guessed or both. It is a well-managed and well-told story.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"EMINENT WOMEN." — *Hannah More*. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (W. H. Allen.) "Hush, hush!" said Dr. Johnson; "it is dangerous to say a word of poetry before her. It is talking of the art of war before Hannibal." It seems extraordinary that Dr. Johnson should have spoken thus of Hannah More, even in jest; yet the fact remains that this author, whose plays are now without a reader, was for a season at least, and in the lifetime of Sheridan, considered the first dramatic writer of the day. The reason of this was that the world was still unaccustomed to women writing at all, and was not disposed to be hypercritical of their dramas or verses. Hannah More was also a member of a mutual admiration society, composed of Garrick and Horace Walpole at one end, and Bishops Lowth and Porteus at the other. This was without question a very strong combination; and the result of this conspiracy to applaud was eleven volumes, which no one of this generation—except Mrs. Buckland and Miss Yonge—has read. Hannah More is only referred to once in Boswell, and then the reference is far from complimentary. "I was obliged," said Dr. Johnson, "to speak to Miss Reynolds, to let her [Hannah More] know that I desired she would not flatter me so much." Somebody now observed that she (Hannah More) also flattered Garrick. To which Johnson replied:

"She is in the right to flatter Garrick. She is in the right for two reasons: first, because she has the world with her, who have been praising Garrick these thirty years; and secondly, because she is rewarded for it by Garrick. Why should she flatter me? I can do nothing for her. Let her carry her praise to a better market."

We quote this, as Miss Yonge does not, and expresses a doubt whether Dr. Johnson ever was

guilty of such plain speech as Boswell records. We see no reason to question Boswell's accuracy, and find, in the remark of the sage, a clue to Hannah More's ephemeral but undoubted popularity. Wilberforce said he would rather present himself before heaven with Hannah More's *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* in his hand than with *Peveril of the Peak*. This "literary lady" (as Boswell calls her) lived to see her work judged on its literary, and not its religious, merits. The blow, too, came from a clergyman. Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, held up to ridicule *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, the novel of this very worthy lady. Miss Yonge is qualified by sympathy to write this brief biography. She is, however, in error in speaking of Garrick as having "worked as an assistant master in Dr. Johnson's school at Edial, in Leicestershire." David Garrick was one of Dr. Johnson's pupils at Edial, and in some sense remained such to his life's end.

Grundriss der Geschichte der Englischen Literatur. Von Gustav Körting. (Münster: Schöningh.) Dr. Gustav Körting is better known as a Romanic than as an English scholar, and a work by him on the history of English literature is something of a surprise. To a certain extent, the book may be heartily commended. We know no other volume which contains so complete and serviceable an abstract of the chronology and bibliography of English writers and their works. The brief biographical notices of the authors indicate a large amount of careful research. Dr. Körting, however, knows the facts about English literature better than he knows the literature itself; and his literary criticisms, when they are not mere repetitions of the safe commonplaces usually current, are indescribably funny. One of his original discoveries is that of the existence of a peculiarly close affinity between Coleridge and—Poe! If an English literary historian were to couple together Lessing and Chamisso as having a great deal in common, Dr. Körting would probably smile; but the blunder would not be one whit more grotesque than that which he has himself committed. It is almost as amusing when we are told that Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman are learned specialists rather than artists in historical narration, though at the same time they both write in a very attractive style. However, faults of this kind can do the English student no harm, and the volume supplies a real need by its condensed information respecting dates, editions, and (in the case of the older literature) MSS. The references to modern books and articles (naturally in most cases German) treating of the several authors and their works are also of great value. A few important writers seem to be unaccountably omitted. The divines in particular, appear to have escaped the author's attention, as we find no mention of Tillotson, Sherlock, Atterbury, or South. The author of the "Rehearsal" is another overlooked name. Apart from obvious misprints, which are rather frequent, we have observed extremely few errors in matters of fact. The only one worth mention is that two of the MSS. of Langtoft's French chronicle are enumerated in the list of MSS. of Robert Manning.

Essays. By the late Clement Mansfield Ingleby. Edited by his Son. (Trübner.) Dr. Ingleby's name will always be honoured by Shaksperian students. It is to him that we owe that interesting collection of early allusions to Shakspeare, *A Century of Praise*; and it was his detective skill that first discovered the fatal pencil marks in the Perkins folio. In the present volume the pious care of his son has collected a number of his miscellaneous essays, most of which have already been published, but a few now appear for the first time. Among these last, "A Voice for the Mute

Creation" and "Romantic History" have pleased us by their moderate and thoughtful treatment of subjects which others have discussed in a very different temper. But the earlier articles, on prominent names in English literature, represent Dr. Ingleby as he was best known to the public.

Six Lectures introductory to the Study of English Literature. By G. C. S. Southworth, Professor of English Literature in Kenyon College, Ohio. (Cambridge, U.S.) While English universities and colleges are discussing whether English literature is or is not a fit subject for professorial teaching, American colleges solve the question practically. Prof. Southworth's six lectures are intended as a first introduction or direction to a young American student as to what authors he had better read in a first historical or chronological survey of English literature and style. They are an excellent guide to this end. The author shows, perhaps, a greater fondness for elegance and propriety than for strength and vigour of language; but in such a matter the personal preferences of a lecturer must always appear.

Hermesenda, or Bishop, Husband, and King. From the Spanish of D. M. Fernandez y Gonzalez, by J. R. and J. A. G. (Sotheran.) Don Manuel Fernandez y Gonzalez, who died in Madrid on January 6 of the present year, was one of the most prolific of Spanish novelists and dramatists. His dramas are superior to his novels. In the latter he followed closely the style of the elder Dumas, though without his highest qualities. He was a good copyist, but his works can never be mistaken for those of the master. The period of Spanish history which he chiefly illustrated is that from Peter the Cruel to Philip II. The present novel, however, deals with Aragon in the twelfth century, and with the reign of the monk and king Ramiro II. The final catastrophe is that of the celebrated "Bell of Huesca." The materials are to be found in Zurita's *Annales*. They are here treated in a melodramatic spirit. It is not the favourable side of the middle ages which the author presents to us. The translation seems carefully done, and improves as it proceeds, its slightly archaic turn of phrase and vocabulary being well suited to the theme.

Spanish Idioms with their English Equivalents. Collected by Sarah Cary Becker and Federico Mora. (Boston, U.S.: Ginn.) This is a book the real value of which can only be ascertained by trial and experience. It is not a collection or explanation of grammatical idioms, but of the current phrases, dictions, proverbs, to be found in ordinary authors. Merely technical or vulgar slang is not admitted. We do not think that the authors have quite kept to their own rule that "proverbs not containing idioms are excluded." Several of those given have word for word equivalents in English, and are regular in grammatical construction, e.g., *Alzar los ojos, ó los manos* "to raise the eyes or hands"; but it is, perhaps, better to err by excess than by defect. The arrangement of the book is (1) to give the Spanish verbs in alphabetical order, if the saying includes a verb; (2) if there is no verb, the alphabetical order is that of the principal word. Nautical phrases are particularly well explained, though it might have been more useful to have made a separate list of them. To those who have not the opportunity of consulting the larger Spanish dictionaries, and as a supplement to ordinary bi-lingual lexicons, this work will be very useful; and to the beginner in either language it may save a great loss of time.

Giunte e Correzioni inedite alla Bibliografia Dantesca del Visconte Colomb de Batines. Edited by Dr. Guido Biagi. (Florence: Sansoni.)

This volume consists of additions and corrections to the invaluable *Bibliografia Dantesca* of the Visconte Colomb de Batines, which were made by the distinguished author himself in an interleaved copy of his great work. He announced his intention, when issuing the first volume in 1845, to append a supplement "per le Giunte e Correzioni" at the end of the completed work. This, however (as will be seen by those who possess the work) was not done. Instead of this, the author continued the work of collecting materials for such a supplement until the time of his death, at the early age of forty-three, in the year 1855. The editor, Dr. Biagi, who seems to have performed his work with great care and skill, states that the "additions and corrections" now published amount to more than four hundred. They relate to all the various parts and sub-divisions of the original work, and the passages or articles to which they belong are indicated by references to pages and lines in the margin. It is to be regretted that the utility and convenience of the work is not still further increased (as it would be very greatly) by a good index. Those students who possess the original *Bibliografia* will find this supplementary volume indispensable to its completeness.

Ein Pessimist als Dichter: W. M. Thackeray. Von H. Conrad. (Berlin: Reimer; London: Williams & Norgate.) We have often been irritated by the German affectation of using "Dichter" indifferently for poet and prose writer of fiction, and this is especially annoying in Herr Conrad's very silly treatise on Thackeray. We do not often use such strong expressions as this, but we do not think that anyone who reads the tractate will quarrel with us. The total want of critical insight in this excellent Teuton will be seen at once when it is mentioned that he sets down the high value now put on Thackeray to the influence of "Naturalist" tendencies. Now, we happen to know pretty intimately some of the chief living Thackeray-worshippers, and we can answer for it that they are anti-Naturalists to a man. To exemplify Herr Conrad's complete failure to get at the point of view in detail would be tedious; it is enough to say that he takes quite seriously, and is much shocked by, Thackeray's frequent assertions that the man of letters is a workman like other workmen, &c. In short, a man totally destitute of humour, without even a conception of what humour is and what it is not, has undertaken to judge one of the greatest humourists of all time. The result is, and could not but be, a ludicrous and disastrous failure. It is laborious, earnest, inspired, we doubt not, by the highest and most virtuous sentiments; but it has the initial defect of invincible ignorance and blindness. Now, a blind man really should not undertake to tell us that purple is an immoral colour.

Some Hobby Horses and How to Ride them. By C. A. Montresor. (W. H. Allen.) We venture to affirm that no one would describe correctly the contents of this book from its title, at a first guess. A "hobby-horse" is generally regarded as the harmless, if somewhat selfish, amusement of mature or declining age. It is here understood to mean the unreasoning instinct of collecting that is so common among children hardly in their teens. For such, the author has written an interesting and not uninteresting volume, dealing with such matters as architectural scraps, coins, postage stamps, and crests. Her object has been rather to illustrate, by means of historical anecdotes, than to supersede authoritative books of reference. And, despite a few slips in matters of fact—e.g., the statement (p. 126) that the copper pennies of 1797 resembled in every particular those now in use—we think that she is to be congratulated on a large measure of

success. The illustrations of coins form a distinctly valuable feature.

A Far-away Cousin; a Story for Children. By K. D. Cornish. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) Parents ought to welcome gladly this new tale of child-life. Among the many literary caterers for the little ones none exceed Miss Cornish in pleasant dialogue, natural incidents, and, above all, in a cheerful elevated tone. A whole family of children has read this book with rapt interest from cover to cover, so that the author, it may be safely taken, is sure of the children's suffrages. It is well illustrated by G. M. Stoddart, and contains stories of adventures and pranks outside the nursery which will occasionally strike a responsive chord in the heart of an older reader.

Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew. By Margaret Sidney. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is a story of five little American children, who are left with their widowed mother in very straitened circumstances. In describing the sunshine of their home life, the writer teaches a lesson in a pleasant way to the small inmates of wealthier homes. Polly and Phronsie are charming characters, and show that the author both knows and loves children. The fault of the book is its length and its improbable dénouement. We wish that writers of children's books would copy Mrs. Molesworth in her brevity.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. have made arrangements for the publication next season of a set of half-crown books to be entitled *English Actors: Ten Biographies*. The series will be under the general editorship of Mr. William Archer, and will include lives of Betterton, Cibber, Macklin, Garrick, the Dibbins, the Kembles, Elliston, the Keans, the Matthews, and Macready. Mr. Joseph Knight will deal with Garrick, Mr. R. W. Lowe with Betterton, Mr. E. R. Dibdin with the author of "Tom Bowling," and the editor himself with the Keans. The subjects have been selected so as to cover as completely as possible the whole field of English acting from the Restoration to our own time.

MESSRS. FIELD & TIER have issued the prospectus of a handsome book which they propose to publish by subscription in the autumn, entitled *Kensington Picturesque and Historical*. The letterpress is written by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, the historian of London, and himself an inhabitant of the old court suburb. The illustrations have been specially drawn on the spot by Mr. W. Luker, Jun.; they will be more than 300 in number, of which some will be printed in colours. Kensington, with its palace and historical houses, as well as its modern artistic residences, lends itself particularly well to such a publication. For collectors—to whom Messrs. Field & Tier generally offer some curiosity—a few proof copies of the book will have a couple of views painted in water-colours in front, under the gilt edge of the leaves, so as to be invisible until the leaves are bent back at an angle.

MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE has a new work in the press which Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co. will shortly issue. It is a history of remarkable schemes for "improving the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor," put in practice at the end of the last century by certain social reformers, of whom the most distinguished were the Bishop of Durham, Sir Thomas Bernard, and Count Rumford, under the special patronage of George III.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co., will issue early next month a volume of selections from Sir

Edwin Arnold's poems, with the addition of some new pieces. The following—taken from the preface—will explain the purpose of the publication of the new volume:

"As it has been sometimes thought and said—inaccurately—that the author is exclusively devoted to oriental subjects of verse, and as he may yet again recur to these, he has here complied with the desire that a selection should be made from his non-oriental poems."

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will publish immediately *The Banshee, and other Poems*, by Dr. John Todhunter. Among the poems are two founded on the first and third of the Bardic Tales of Ireland, known as "The Three Sorrows of Story Telling."

The Blarney Ballads is the title of a new volume of political squibs on the Irish question which will shortly be published in a handsome quarto volume by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Some of the ballads have already appeared anonymously in the columns of the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, *Scotsman*, &c.; but Mr. C. L. Graves now assumes the responsibility of authorship. The book will appear with cartoons by Mr. G. R. Halkett, the illustrator of the *Irish Green Book* and other political brochures.

The Moderate Man, and other Verses, is the title of a volume which will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey. It will contain a dozen original illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss. The poems are from the pen of Mr. Edwin Hamilton, author of *Dublin Doggerels*.

Love's Labour Won, the last novel written by the late James Grant, will be published this day by Messrs. Ward & Downey in three volumes. Among new one-volume editions of novels just issued by Messrs. Ward & Downey are the following: *Mrs. Rumbold's Secret*, by Mrs. Macquoid; *Passages in the Life of a Lady*, by Hamilton Aide; *In Luck's Way*, by Byron Webber; *Double Cunning*, by G. Manville Fenn; *Frozen Hearts*, by G. W. Appleton; and *The Dingy House at Kensington*.

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD will shortly publish a volume of essays by Mr. W. E. A. Axon, entitled *Stray Chapters in Literature, Folk-Lore, and Archaeology*. Each essay is supplemented with a bibliography of the subject, and Mr. Axon has written a preface on curious book titles.

THE Government of India has issued a resolution on the completion of the Statistical Account and Imperial Gazetteer of India. The work was planned by Sir William Hunter in 1869, and has been carried to completion under his continuous supervision during the past nineteen years.

"The Governor General in Council now desires to place on record his cordial acknowledgments to Sir William Hunter for the great ability and industry which he has displayed in carrying through the important work entrusted to him. As a condensed epitome of the Statistical Survey of India, it (the Imperial Gazetteer) appears to His Excellency in Council all that could be desired; and as a standard work of reference, it will be of the greatest use to those charged with the administration of the country."

NEARLY eight thousand copies of Mr. Eric Mackay's *Love-Letters of a Violinist* have been sold in the series of "Canterbury Poets."

MR. THOMAS AUSTIN has just copied for the Early English Text Society the very curious "book of huntynge, the which is clepid Master of the Game," from the two MSS. in the Bodleian. This treatise was written by Henry IV.'s Master of the Game for his son Henry V. when Prince of Wales, and tells among many other things, how the fox chiefly loves hens—which he "gynnousliche," or snarefully lies in

wait for—but also eats butterflies, grasshoppers, and such small deer, to say nothing of butter and honey. It has some illustrations which will be engraved from Mr. Austin's copies. The book will go to press forthwith, and will probably be issued by the Early English Text Society next year.

THE Shelley Society's publications for the present year will be eight in number. Four of these have already been sent out to members, viz., the *Masque of Anarchy* (a reproduction of the recently discovered MS.), the Shelley Society's Papers, the Shelley Society's Notebook, and an Alphabetical Table of Contents to Shelley's Works. The four to follow are: a reprint of Browning's "Essay on Shelley," which was prefixed to the suppressed volume of forged Shelley Letters, published by Moxon in 1852; and type-facsimile reprints of the original editions of the *Address to the Irish People*, *Rosalind and Helen*, and the *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*. In addition to these, there are several other works of great value to Shelley students which are actually in type, and will be issued as soon as the funds of the society permit. The address of the secretary of the society is 127, Devonshire-road, Holloway, N.

THE annual meeting of the London Library will be held on Thursday, May 31, with the Earl of Carnarvon in the chair.

AT the next meeting of the Sette of Odde Volumes, early in June, Mr. Charles Welsh, vice-president and chapman to the Sette, will read a brief note on "The Babies' Book" in the Harleian collection, and will make a few remarks on the subject of the earliest English books for children.

WITH regard to the English word "steerman," Dr. Furnivall sends us the following quotation from Hexham's English-Dutch and Dutch-English Dictionary (1660): "een Pilot, Pilote, ofte Stierman, a Pilot, or a Steerman;" "the Steere-man, Den stier-man."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PROF. J. R. SEELEY has written an article on what he calls "The Eighty-Eights" (1588—1688—1888), which is practically a supplementary chapter to his *Expansion of England*. Its speculations on the light thrown by past experience upon the dangers to which the empire may now be exposed are likely to attract attention at a time when the national defences are so much discussed. The article will appear in *Good Words* for June.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL will in future contribute signed reviews of books monthly to *Atalanta*.

SINCE the subject of the National Portrait Gallery was taken in hand in the present volume of the *Antiquary*, some influential reviews have enforced the claims of the collection to be provided with an adequate and permanent home. In its next number, the *Antiquary* will make a proposal in connexion with the future of the collection which it is to be hoped will receive similar support. In the same issue, Dr. W. F. Ainsworth describes his visit to the site of Dara, in 1837; Mr. Roach Smith gives another paper on the Roman walls of Chester; and Mr. William Rendle, the veteran historian of Southwark, concludes his "Reminiscences and Remarks."

THE next issue of the *Archæological Review* will contain papers on "The Origin of the Eskimo," by Dr. Robert Brown; "Sonship and Inheritance," by G. L. Gomme; "The Origin and Development of the Village Community in Russia," by M. Kovalevsky; "Prehistoric Remains in Spain," by Miss A. W.

Buckland; "Index of Roman Remains in London," by J. E. Price; "Domesday Measures of Land," by J. H. Round.

ARCHDEACON GORE will contribute to the *Quiver* for June a description of a holiday trip to "The New Playground of Europe (Norway)"; and the same number will contain the Earl of Meath's recent address to the Church Army on "The Gospel and the Masses."

THE June number of *Time* will contain "Work and Workers," No. VI.—The "Salvation Army," by Mrs. Drummond; "Matthew Arnold," by George W. E. Russell; "Hans Christian Andersen," by Mrs. Molesworth; "A Bye Election Contest," by Henry Jephson, formerly private secretary to Mr. Forster and Sir George Trevelyan; "Civil Employment of the Army Reserve," by Major Walter Lindsay; and "Among the Lilies," by Clement Scott.

THE June part of *Art and Letters* will contain "Notes and Recollections," III., by L. Halévy; "Sister Euphrasia," by G. Duruy; "The Centenary of the *Times*," II., by Blowitz; "Vous n'aimez pas," words by Bourget, music by Bernberg; "The Salon Forty," by P. D'Igny.

A NEW serial story by Kate Eyre, entitled "For the Good of the Family," will be commenced in *Cassell's Magazine* for June.

A NEW magazine is about to be brought out, called the *Mirror*, the special feature of which will be biographical sketches and portraits of men and women of the day. Art, literature, science, and the drama, are to be alike represented.

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET has sent to his publishers (Lemerre) the complete MS. of his new novel *L'Immortel*, of which, by the way, an instalment appears in English, and entitled "One of the Forty"—in the first number of the new *Universal Review*.

It is understood that the late M. Désiré Nisard (of whom a striking portrait is published in the current number of the *Livres*) had written his memoirs some little time before his death, and that they will now at once be published.

M. E. CARO and M. Paul Bourget—perhaps the two most popular critics in France, representing the old and the new school—have each published during the past week volumes with very similar titles: *Mélanges et portraits*, and *Études et portraits*.

M. ARSENE HOUSSEY has finished a new play in three acts, called "Diane," which will probably be produced at the Odéon.

M. ZOLA's new novel, *Le Rêve*—which, as stated in the ACADEMY last week, is to be published in a series of English newspapers—has already begun to appear in the *Revue illustrée*.

THERE has recently been discovered at Boksmeer, in Holland, a large packet of letters containing the correspondence that passed between Napoleon I. and his brother King Louis, of Holland. The letters had been deposited by the king with his private secretary, whose grandson is the present owner of them.

DOCUMENTS relating even remotely to Molière are, as is well-known, as rare and almost as highly prized as those relating to Shakespeare. There has recently been found at Fontainebleau a contract of sale signed by Molière's father, Jean Poquellin [*sic*]. It is dated May 29, 1631, when Molière was a little over nine years of age; and it has to do with the supply of a considerable quantity of furniture for the royal troops.

THE Cercle Saint-Simon, or Société historique—which was founded some six years ago to serve as a sort of club for literary men—has been compelled, through a decrease in its members, to abandon its own handsome house at the corner of the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Rue Saint-Simon, and to accept the hospitality of the Hôtel des Sociétés savantes.

GREEN's *Short History of the English People* has been translated into French (Paris: Plon), with an introduction by M. Gabriel Monod, the editor of the *Revue historique*, in which he discusses the differences between the historical development of France and England.

M. DELOCHE has been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, in the room of the late M. Charles Robert; and M. Fr. de Miklosich, a foreign member, in the room of the late Prof. Fleischer.

FASCICULE XV. of the *Archives Historiques de la Gascogne* is one of the most important of that excellent series. It is the first part (two hundred pages) of "Sceaux Gascons du Moyen-Age," with introduction, notes, and excellent engravings of every seal. The present volume contains those of the clergy, kings, and nobles. Those of the cities and the bourgeois will be given in part ii. The text of the documents to which the seals are affixed is added when of exceptional interest. As works of art the seals of the kings, and especially of the queens, of Navarre are the most noteworthy. Those of the clergy of all ranks give evidence of the ecclesiastical robes of the period.

WE have received some numbers of a new weekly published in Paris since February of the current year, which in form somewhat resembles the *Revue Bleue*, but which seems to have taken its title—*Samedi-Revue*—from an English contemporary. There are other points of likeness besides the title, for the *Samedi-Revue* is strongly conservative in politics, and appears to possess as unusual an acquaintance with English affairs as its namesake does with French. The editor is understood to be Capt. Lamblin, who has recently returned from Tonquin; and the list of contributors includes the names of Xavier Marmier, of the Académie française; Paul Le Breton, senator; and Victor Tissot. The articles, of course, are signed.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

VILLANELLE.

How to compose a villanelle, which is said to require "an elaborate amount of care in production, which those who read only would hardly suspect existed."

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it,
As easy as reciting A B C;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit, and want to show it,
Writing a villanelle—take this from me—
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of rimes, and then you "go it"
With rapid-running pen and fancy free;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Take any thought, write round it or below it,
Above or near it, as it liketh thee;
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow it,
Up to the standard size it ought to be;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clear it of weeds, and water it, and hoe it,
Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee.
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE design on the cover of the *Universal Review* seems intended to be emblematic of the manner in which its birth has been heralded. Of the contents not much need be said. Mr. Verrall's article on Martial—"A Roman of Greater Rome"—with its happy renderings, would attract attention anywhere; and the illustrations are at least a novelty, as also is the translation of a fragment of M. Daudet's new novel. For the rest, we do not find much worthy of notice except the irrepressible individuality of the editor. The titles of the articles and the names of the writers tell their own story.

In the *Revista Contemporanea* for April, Señor Fatigati, considering the budget of education, points out the impractical character of Spanish teaching, the necessity of reform, and the need of better buildings and materials. The same writer has an article on Madrid, which subject is also treated of by F. Hardt, who deals with its shortcomings in cleanliness and sanitary matters. Acero y Abad continues her chapters on Ginés Perez de Hita, criticising his romances, and the various imitators of them. In his notes on Algeria, Francisco Pons gives a good account of the agricultural Trappist establishment at Staueli and a description of Constantine. The conclusion of a review of Pereda's last novel, *La Montañesa*, describes it as a "Madame Bovary" in higher Madrid life. A more recent novelist, Rueda, an Andalusian, is eulogised by Garcia-Ramon. Fernandez Merino begins a series of articles on the etymologies in the last edition of the dictionary of the Spanish Academy; the present portion only points out deficiencies in the "personnel" of that corporation regarded as lexicographers.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOURGNET, P. *Études et portraits*. Paris: Lemerre. 7 fr.
 CABO, E. *Mélanges et portraits*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr.
 COUGNY, G. *L'enseignement professionnel des beaux-arts dans les écoles de la Ville de Paris*. Paris: Quantin. 5 fr.
 D'ARÇAY, Joseph. *Notes inédites sur M. Thiers: l'homme privé, l'homme politique*. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
 GÖRTH-JÄHRBUCH. Hrg. v. L. Geiger. 9. Bd. Frankfurt-a-M.: Lit. Anstalt. 10 M.
 HETTINGER, A. *Reisen in den columbianischen Anden*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
 MASSAJA, le Cardinal. *Mes trente-cinq années de Mission dans la haute Éthiopie*. 1^{re} Vol. Paris: Mesnil. 10 fr.
 MONUMENTS historiques de France. 5^e Livraison. Paris: Monnier. 10 fr.
 MOREL-FATIO, A. *Études sur l'Espagne*. 1^{re} Série. Paris: Vieweg. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

- REUSS, E. *Hieb*. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 2 M.

HISTORY.

- DURUY, A. *L'Armée Royale en 1789*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GACHON, P. *Les États de Languedoc et l'édit de Béziers (1832)*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GHIRON, J. *Annali d'Italia in continuazione al Muratori e al Coppi*. Vol. I. 17 Marzo 1861-1863. Milan: Hoepli. 5 fr.
 GIESBRECHT, W. v. *Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserzeit*. 5. Bd. 2. Abth. Friedrichs I. Kämpfe gegen Alexander III., den Lombardenbund u. Heinrich den Löwen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 11 M.
 HÜFER, P. *Die Varusschlacht, ihr Verlauf u. ihr Schauplatz*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M. 20 Pf.
 MÉMOIRES-JOURNAUX de Pierre de l'Étoile. T. I. *Journal de Henri III., 1574-1589*. Paris: Lemerre. 6 fr.
 PROU, M. *Études sur les Relations politiques du Pape Urbain V. avec les Rois de France Jean II. et Charles V., 1332-1370*. Paris: Vieweg. 6 fr.
 SAMMLUNG. *Ämtliche, der Acten aus der Zeit der helvet. Republik (1798-1803)*. Bearb. v. J. Strickler. 2. Bd. Juni bis Septbr. 1793. Basel: Schneider. 15 M.
 STOFFELIA D'ALTA RUPE, E. *Abrégé de l'histoire diplomatique de l'Europe à partir de la paix de Westphalie jusqu'à nos jours*. Wien: Seidel. 10 M.
 TESSÉ, *Lettres du Maréchal de, publiées par le Comte de Rambuteau*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

- VILLELE, *Mémoires et correspondance du Comte de*. T. 2. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
 WOLFF, G. *Zur Geschichte der deutschen Protestanten 1556-1559*. Berlin: Seeheagen. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BACHMANN, J. *Die Philosophie d. Neopythagoreers Secundus*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 9 M.
 BEOBSACHTUNGEN, deutsche überseeische meteorologische. Gesammelt u. hrg. v. der deutschen Seewarte. 1. Hft. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 7 M.
 HOLZAPFEL, E. *Die Mollusken der Aachener Kreide*. 1. Abth. Cephalopoda u. Glossophora. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 40 M.
 KOKEN, E. *Eleutheroeercus, e. neuer Glyptodont aus Uruguay*. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BOSSHART, J. *Die Flexionsendungen des schweizerdeutschen Verbums u. damit zusammenhäng. Erscheingn.* Frauenfeld: Huber. 2 M.
 BOUGOT, A. *Étude sur l'illade d'Homère: invention, composition, exécution*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GERHARD, E. *Etruskische Spiegel*. 5. Bd. 7. Hft. Berlin: Reimer. 9 M.
 LÜTTGENS, C. *Üb. Bedeutung u. Gebrauch der Hilfsverba im frühen Altenglischen*. Stulan u. Willan. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 PAUL, A. *Üb. Vokalische Aspiration u. reinen Vokalinsatz*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 SCHULTZ, R. *Quaestiones in Tibulli librum I. chronologicae*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M.
 SIMON, J. A. *Xenophon-Studien*. 2. Thl. *Die Hellenika-Ausgabe d. Harpokration*. 3. Thl. *Zwei verlorene Hellenika-Handschriften*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 SYBEL, L. v. *Platon's Symposium*. Marburg: Elwert. 3 M.
 VRIES, S. G. de. *Epistula Sapphus ad Phaonem apparatus critico instructa, commentario illustrata et Ovidio vindicata*. Berlin: Calvary. 4 M. 50 Pf.
 WESCHNER, L. *Samaritanische Traditionen mitgeteilt u. nach ihrer geschichtl. Entwicklung untersucht*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALLUSION TO SHAKSPEARE WANTED IN 1659.

3, St. George's Square, N.W.: May 7, 1883.

When issuing for the New Shakspeare Society, at the end of 1886, the *Three Hundred and More Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, which our society's members had gathered since sending out the second edition of *The Centurie of Prayse*, I noted that in neither book was any allusion to Shakspeare in 1659 registered, though in the hundred odd years from 1592 to 1694 we had collected some 700 allusions. I was sure, of course, that this was our fault, and not that of Shakspeare's seventeenth-century admirers; but, though several escaped allusions have been since sent to me for a supplement, none for 1659 turned up till a few days ago when, reading the article "Shooter's Hill" in Thorne's *Environs of London*, I came on the passage wanted, from Thos. Philipott's "Villare Cantianum"—an alphabetical list and account of the chief places in Kent, with the less villages, &c., set under them, so as not to be alphabetical. Copying from the folio of 1659, p. 136, the words are (after others on the improvement of the road, to stop thievery):

"King Henry the fourth granted leave to Thomas Chapman, to cut down, burn, and sell, all the Woods and Under-Woods growing and confining to Shooters Hill on the South-side, and to bestow the money raised thereby upon mending the High-way. Surely Prince Henry his son, and Sir John Falstaffe, his make-sport, so merrily represented in Shakspeare's Comedies, for examining the Sandwich Carriers loading at this place, were not the Surveyers."

To anyone who will send me other allusions of 1592-1694 not in the *Centurie* or *Fresh Allusions*, I shall be grateful.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE BEECH AND THE ARYANS.

Queen's College, Oxford: May 12, 1888.

Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie's views in regard to the primitive home of the Aryans have been stated by him with his usual fullness of learn-

ing and freedom from conventional doctrines. In suggesting, however, that the original speakers of the Indo-European languages may have been the short brachycephalic race from Asia, he has forgotten the one certain fact supplied to us by history, from which we are bound to start. In the Roman era the representatives of the Aryan Kelts and Teutons were a tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired race. Now, as a general rule, it is not the subject population that imposes its language upon its conquerors, but the conquering aristocracy which causes its language to prevail, like Etruscan in Northern Italy or Sanskrit in Northern India. It is only where the conquerors come into contact with a sacred book, an established church, or a hierarchy of priests that the contrary process is likely to take place. The Celtic and Teutonic dialects of the Roman age must have been the original property of the chiefs rather than of the serfs.

But it was not in order to controvert Prof. de Lacouperie's views that I sat down to write. That would require far more space than could be allowed me here, and would open up the question upon which I touched in my address at Manchester, whether there are not two distinct branches of the white dolichocephalic race, one of which may be termed Kelto-Libyan and the other Scando-Teutonic. What I want now to do is to make amends for exciting a controversy through the introduction into that address of an unfortunate illustration.

Sir George Birdwood has urged that if the beech had been known to the undivided Aryans they could not have lived in Scandinavia, since, according to the Scandinavian archaeologists, the beech did not grow there until long after the close of the neolithic age. Dr. Penka has just replied to this objection in the *Globus*, vol. liii., No. 13. He argues that the climatic conditions demanded by the beech already existed in Southern Scandinavia in the neolithic epoch, and that the objects of the iron age usually supposed to be coeval with the appearance of the beech were really very much later, having either sunk to the level of the stratum in which traces of the beech are found, or else been thrown into lakes and morasses where the stratum in question approached the surface of the ground. In many cases, indeed, they were artificially buried.

But I am beginning to feel considerable doubt as to whether, after all, the beech was known to the primitive Aryans. It certainly cannot have derived its name from its edible fruit, as Dr. Penka assumes, since it is only in Greek that *φῆγ* means "to eat," and in Greek *φῆγς* is "oak," and not "beech." Consequently, if *φῆγς* is derived from *φῆγ*, its original signification would be "oak" rather than "beech." It is only in Latin and Teutonic that the word signifies "the beech," since the Old-Slavonic *buky* has been borrowed from German, like the Bohemian *buk*, and the vowel of the Persian *buk* is inconsistent with its being a sister form of *fagus*. The fact, however, that the word has been borrowed in Slavonic suggests that it has also been borrowed by the German dialects, though at a period before the action of "Grimm's Law" had made itself felt. This was the case with the Old High-German *hanf*, "hemp," which was borrowed from the Latin *cannabis*, itself a loan-word from the Greek *κάνναβις*; and also with the Old High-German *lin*, "flax," and *lewon*, "lion," which, along with the Latin *linum* and *leo*, go back to the Greek *λίνον* and *λέων*.

I am therefore inclined to regard the Old High-German *bukha* (Anglo-Saxon *bōce*) as borrowed from the Latin *fagus* at the same period as *lin*. Beech-mast has been discovered in the Swiss lacustrine habitations of the later neolithic age; and it is reasonable to conclude that the ancestors of the Aryan Italians applied

to the tree they found in this locality a name which may previously have denoted some species of oak. A. H. SAYCE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, May 22, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Conventions and Conventionality in Art," I., by Mr. Sidney Colvin.

WEDNESDAY, May 23, 3 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante," III., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Arts.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Spheroid-bearing Granite, Mullaghderry, co. Donegal," by Dr. F. H. Hatch; "The Skeleton of a Saurpterygian from the Oxford Clay, near Bedford," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "The Eozoic and Palaeozoic Rocks of the Atlantic Coasts of Canada in comparison with those of Western Europe and of the Interior of America," by Sir J. W. Dawson; "A Hornblende-biotite Rock from Dusky Sound, New Zealand," by Capt. F. W. Hutton.

8 p.m. Gymnadorion: "A Critical Estimate of Welsh Poetry," by Mr. T. Marchant Williams.

THURSDAY, May 24, 3 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Growth and Sculpture of the Alps," II., by Prof. T. G. Bonney.

3 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante," IV., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "My New Standard and Inspectional Electric Measuring Instruments," by Sir William Thomson.

FRIDAY, May 25, 8 p.m. Quekett: Papers by Messrs. Buffham, Smith, and Priest.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Personal Identification and Description," by Mr. F. Galton.

SATURDAY, May 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," VII., by Mr. Carl Armbruster, with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations.

3 p.m. Physical: "The Governing of Electromotors," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Prof. J. Perry; "The Formulae of Bernoulli and Haecker for the Lifting Power of Magnets," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "Experiments on Electrolepis. II. Irreciprocal Conduction," by Mr. W. W. Haldane and Mr. H. Holden.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Timaeus of Plato. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. D. Archer-Hind. (Macmillan.)

WE have here a work worthy of the reputation of Cambridge for scholarship. Full and clear, systematic and accurate, it is one of the best among those valuable studies of Plato of which Cambridge has recently been fertile.

Mr. Archer-Hind has chosen a dialogue of no common difficulty, for the student of the *Timaeus* meets with stumbling-blocks of many kinds. First, what is its place in Plato's system, or in the sequence of his works? Mr. Archer-Hind is of opinion that it belongs to a group of dialogues "of the later period" (*Parmenides*, *Sophist*, *Philebus*, and *Timaeus*), which give an "amended form" of the teaching of another group to which the *Republic* belongs. This theory looks plausible when one considers under Mr. Archer-Hind's guidance the attempts to amend and to defend the ideal doctrine of the *Republic* and its group which the *Timaeus* contains. But yet we do not feel it possible to separate so widely the *Timaeus* from the *Republic*. If any two dialogues of Plato belong to one group, these two do so. Plato writes with a purpose even when he is apparently composing with the lightest heart, and he has himself put the close connexion of these two beyond question. The *Timaeus* then begins with a *résumé* of the *Republic*, and here we come on our next difficulty. As often happens with *résumés*, one has to go back to the work analysed to find out what the analysis means and to watch its correctness. The inferior children of the Guardians in the *Republic* were to be made away with; but

the Sokrates of the *Timaeus* unblushingly says that they were to be "secretly dispersed," among other classes. Next we have the much-debated legend of Atlantis, about which we hold, even more strongly than the editor does, that it was a pure invention of Plato from beginning to end. He is "our only authority for the legend." It is nowhere else alluded to, not even in connexion with Attalus's commemoration of the great battles of Athens, when the Amazons were remembered. Then we come to the account of creation, much of which must, as the editor says, be taken as an "ontological scheme in the form of a highly mystical allegory." "The δημιουργός is merely a mythological representative of universal πούς, which evolves itself in the form of the κόσμος." Only by reading the allegory thus can we explain the dark saying that the universe is εἰκὼν τοῦ ποιητοῦ (P. 92 C); the δημιουργός and the αὐτὸ ζῶν, from which the universe is copied, are one and the same. Interwoven with this is the ideal theory, which is at least as hard to grasp as Plato found it to write. Lastly, there are the many difficulties of a mathematical nature, and those springing from the state of physical science in the fifth century B.C. In advance as he was of his age in speculation, Plato could not escape its limitations in positive knowledge; and we find his attempts at explaining natural facts so obscure and so remote from our ways of thinking that they themselves need to be explained. But all through these manifold difficulties we desire no better guide than Mr. Archer-Hind. Without always being able to agree with him, we feel that he has done more for his subject than any editor before him. He has wonderfully elucidated the dialogue by his commentary and by his account of the allegory, and has given us a spirited and faithful translation. But he seems to be on a wrong track in placing the *Timaeus* where he does. We can only decide such questions as that of the order of Plato's writings by comparing views, and giving the latest place to what seems the most complete development, if we know already that the writer persevered in one line of thought; but that is just what we do not know about Plato. The growth of the writer's art is another criterion; but it is not favourable to the theory that the *Timaeus* came late. That composition is not a lively dialogue, with a share of ethical interest, but a tedious sermon, which does no justice to its magnificent subject and really noble thoughts: one speaker has it all to himself. Yet we must not lay great stress on this criterion; for, so far as we can judge, the *Timaeus* is later than the *Republic*, though so inferior to it in literary skill, in dramatic power and interest. In fact, criteria, internal as well external, fail us for the ordering of Plato's dialogues; and no theory of the order can be more than an insecure foundation for further reasonings.

We subjoin notes on a few passages which seem open to doubt. (1) What reason is there for thinking that Hermokrates here is the Syracusan general? He is a foreigner, as P. 20 c shows, but that is no proof. (2) P. 18 a. Can τοῦτοις refer to the feminine γυναικῶν καὶ μουσικῶν? Is it not the Guardians? (3) P. 22 d. λυόμενος cannot mean both "by releasing his founts" (trans-

lation) and "being released" (note). The latter is probably to be preferred. (4) The translation omits τὰ λόγῳ in P. 47 e. The construction of the dative is not certain. Perhaps it is most likely to be the instrumental dative, but we might also think of the λόγος as personified. (5) P. 50 a. The whole clause, from δεικνόντος to ἐστι, is omitted in the translation. (6) P. 52 b—c. Mr. Archer-Hind has probably hit on the right explanation of ἐαυτῆς, which has troubled everyone before him. There is a σχῆμα πρὸς τὸ σημαίνον; and ἐαυτῆς is governed by αὐτὸ τοῦτο ἐφ' ᾧ γέγονεν (which = παράδειγμα), just as if π. had been written. But what is the government of ταῦτα δὴ πάντα just above, and what the meaning of διοριζόμενοι? The translation does not tell us. (7) In P. 70 b we should take εἰς τὴν δορυφορικὴν οἰκισιν κατέστησαν differently from the editor. In fact, we doubt whether it even can mean "[the heart] they made into the guard-house." It seems to us to mean that the creators placed the heart in the guardhouse, i.e., in that part of the body which is the seat of the spirit, the guard and champion of reason. (8) P. 89 d, καθ' ὅσον ἂν ᾗ τῷ σχολῇ, understand of time left, not only for mental cultivation, but also for a man's occupation or profession; cf. Rep. 406.

F. T. RICHARDS.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Comparative Philology. By G. W. Wade. (Rivingtons.) In form and contents this little book resembles Dr. Peile's *Primer of Philology*, though it is far from being so able a work. It is, however, sensibly put together, and is fairly up to date. A good many of the obsolete ideas which still hold their places in English manuals are here omitted, in favour of correcter views, and that without any great loss of clearness. We are not sure, however, that Mr. Wade has quite grasped "the methods and principles" of recent philology. Certainly he has missed the importance of analogy, of which he seems to have heard rather than read. His book would be the better for a firsthand study of (say) Brugmann and Joh. Schmidt. We hope Mr. Wade will undertake such a study, and embody the results in a second edition. At the same time he might correct various slips and misprints, and, above all, simplify the alphabet of the *Ursprache* printed on p. 78. A³, K², GH, are all very well for an advanced scholar, but if Mr. Wade tried to teach these symbols to schoolboys (or girls), most of the pupils would laugh, and none would understand. The "Slavonic *szimtas*" (p. 76) might also disappear. There are many Slave languages, and *szimtas* happens to be Lithuanian, the "Church Slavonic" form being *suto*. Instead, we might have a word about the nasal and liquid sonants and the like, which are very important to the Greek philologist. The chapter on the origin of language is superfluous, and should be omitted.

A Dictionary of Place-Names: giving their Derivations. By C. Blackie. Third Edition, revised. (John Murray.) The first edition of this book was published in 1875 under the title of *Etymological Geography*. As it only claims to be a school-book and not to contain the results of independent research, it ought not, perhaps, to be judged by a very high standard. This new edition has been "revised," and enlarged by about fifty pages, but it cannot be said to have been materially improved. Miss Blackie does not seem, for instance, to

be acquainted with Dr. Egli's *Etymologisch-geographisches Lexicon*, published in 1880, which is now the standard work on her subject. It would have enabled her, with little trouble, to have brought her book more nearly up to the present standard of knowledge. As Miss Blackie professes to be merely a compiler and not a philologist, it would be unfair to criticise too harshly the etymologies she has inserted, many of which are, to say the least, somewhat dubious. But she might at all events have copied accurately from her authorities, and corrected her proofs with greater care. The Celtic derivations, which have been revised by such competent scholars as Dr. Joyce and Dr. Skene, are the most satisfactory portion of the volume. Elsewhere inexcusable blunders or misprints are to be found. Thus the chief authority for Teutonic names, Dr. Förstemann, is repeatedly called "Forsteman," and one of his books, *Die deutschen Ortsnamen*, is quoted as *Deutsche Ortsnamen*. Opening the book at random, we find on p. 242: "Württemberg, anc. Wrtiniskerk." Either Württemberg or Wirtemberg might pass muster, but not Wurttemberg. Both Förstemann and Kausler, from one of whom the ancient form of the name seems to be copied, give it correctly as "Wirtiniskerk." Hard by we find "Huieci" for Huici, the Latinised form of the name of the Saxon tribe of the Hwiccas. All these errors appeared in the first edition, and remain uncorrected in the third. On the same page two new etymologies are inserted, both of which are erroneous. The Norse *ormr*, "a serpent," appears as *ornr*, while a little higher up is one of the funniest blunders we have ever happened to come across. We are told that the old name of the Isle of Wight was "Zuzo-yr-With." The mysterious *zuzo* is plainly a misprint for *ynys*; and, though not a single letter of the word happens to be right, it is easy to see how an ingenious compositor, confronted by a badly-written manuscript, successively perverted each of the four letters. But it is not so certain that the schoolchildren, for whose use the book is designed, will detect the error, which will doubtless be duly copied by future compilers of books on local names. A book on geographical names is useless unless they are correctly printed, and it would be easy to enlarge the list of errors. Thus, in both editions we have "Spalatro" for Spalato, "Slangenberg" for Schlagenbad, "Kupperberg" for Kupferberg and "Nurnberg" for Nürnberg, as well as the marvellous name, "Bains-les-du-Mont-dore," which has evidently been copied without thought from a gazetteer, or from the index to some atlas. Even where the first edition has been revised it is not always done correctly. Thus Königsberg appears in the first edition as "Konigsberg," which is altered to the hardly less erroneous form "Königsberg" in the third. It would be unfair to criticise severely the cases in which Miss Blackie has correctly copied from her authorities, but it may be remarked that she has not always gone to the best sources of information. Thus she derives the name *Devizes* from *de vies* (*sic*), and interprets it as "a place where two ways met"; whereas Dr. Guest has shown that the old name *Divisae* or *Ad Divisas* marked the ancient boundary between the English and the Welsh. It is a pity that the significance of a name which possesses so much historical interest should thus be missed. To take another instance, she gets the name of the Danube from the Teutonic *Tuon-aha*, the thundering water, whereas the two best authorities, Zeuss and Glück, more reasonably derive it, with reference to its strong current, from the Celtic *dan*, fortis. Prof. John Stuart Blackie, the brother of the author, contributes an interesting and well-written introduction; but surely a classical professor ought to have heard of the Indo-European *Ursprache*, and should have known

better than to derive Gaelic from Latin, and Latin from Gaelic, indifferently on the same page. Thus he tells us (p. xxiv.) that the Latin *aqua* is an abraded form of the Gaelic *uisge*, water; and also that the Gaelic *amhainn* is evidently softened down by aspiration from the Latin *amnis*. If, in the present year of grace, a philological professor is capable of such statements, we must not be too hard on a lady who has evidently devoted immense labour to a work which, with the needful revision, might be really useful to those for whom it is designed.

A Note on Indo-European Phonology. By D. B. Murdoch. (Trübner.) Dr. Murdoch, L.R.C.P., L.F.P.S., F.R.G.S., B.Sc.M., &c., Int. B.Sc. Lond. Univ., &c., &c., may be a very clever doctor, for aught we know. But, if his philology is seriously meant, we would entreat him to reflect on the proverb *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Amid much information, his forty-page pamphlet contains a good deal of ignorance. "The first syllable of *mu-geo* reminds us of the *moo-cow* of the English nursery" (p. 9) will serve as a specimen. At the same time, we respect and applaud Dr. Murdoch's enthusiasm for the Greek language.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Geologists' Association have arranged for an excursion to Charnwood Forest on Whit Monday and Tuesday. The headquarters will be at the Royal Hotel, Leicester.

THE third edition of *The Management and Diseases of the Dog*, by Prof. J. Woodroffe Hill, will shortly be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MRS. McKENNY HUGHES, the wife of the Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge, has contributed to the current number of the *Geological Magazine* a valuable paper, embodying the results of many years' study of the Mollusca found in the Pleistocene gravels of Barnwell and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. It is shown that these deposits contain six species of Mollusca which are no longer living in Britain; some of these forms being of northern and some of southern range, while others enjoy a wide geographical distribution. The gravels also contain six or eight species which have disappeared from the district, but are still living elsewhere in England; while, on the other hand, certain species now common near Cambridge are absent from the gravels.

THE *Hollandsche Maatschappij der Wetenschappen*, of Haarlem, have just issued the first volume of the great work they have undertaken to commemorate the eminent Dutch savant of the seventeenth century, Christiaan Huygens. This will be an annotated edition of his complete works, including his correspondence and a biography. The correspondence alone will fill some eight large volumes; and this first volume covers the period from 1638 (when Huygens was only nine years old) to 1656. The letters received by Huygens were bequeathed by him, with his own unpublished papers, to the university of Leiden, and have before now been made use of by his literary executors and others. The chief labour of the present editors has been to collect the letters written by Huygens himself, which are scattered throughout the libraries of Europe, and to arrange the whole in chronological order. They have added abundant notes, giving biographical details not only of the correspondents but also of all the persons mentioned, besides full indices. Prefixed is a photogravure of the well-known picture at the Hague, showing the father of Huygens surrounded by his children. This picture, by the way, was formerly attributed to Vandyck, but now to A. Hanneman. The book is beautifully printed,

in large quarto, by the firm of Joh. Enschedé et Fils, of Haarlem, of which the editors say that it worthily maintains the honourable traditions of old Dutch typography; and it is published at the Hague by Martinus Nijhoff.

Etude historique et critique sur la Peste. Par H. Emile Rébouis. (Paris: Picard.) During the great plague of 1348, the Faculty of Medicine of Paris drew up, at the royal command, a consultation or opinion upon the causes and remedies of the epidemic. M. Rébouis professes to publish here for the first time a complete copy of that interesting document, and adds a translation of the Latin into French. This is good work well done, and justifies the publication of this little book; but not at all its title, for so trite and superficial a sketch of the subject ought surely not to be entitled a critical and historical study of the plague.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY. — (Saturday, April 28)

W. R. ETCHES, Esq., in the chair.—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper entitled "First Impressions of the Sonnets of Shakspeare—December 31, 1609," gave a view of the sonnets as they would have appeared to an elderly gentleman alive at the time of the publication of these much maligned poems, and by whom they were regarded simply as literary productions, no notice being taken of their supposed autobiographical or allegorical character. In the first place he would acknowledge his gratitude to the honoured Earl of Surrey for bringing to our shores this graceful form of versification—three fourfold strands of poesy, caught up, and dexterously wound into a perfect circle by two shining threads of gold. Then he would dwell on the sympathetic quality of poetry as shown in these verses which had waked in him a hundred happy thoughts, just tinged with that sweet sadness that makes them seem realities and not dreams. In some of these sonnets we can almost hear the very heart-beats of the writer; and yet, although the sonnets possess such intensity of feeling, not obscured as in so much of the poetry of Master Edmund Spenser in his exquisite *Faerie Queen*, the brain-work at their root is also the crown of their splendour, if not the highest factor in their worth. In many we hardly know whether to testow our chief admiration on the intellect that conceived them, on the poetic imagination that clothed them, or on the artist-skill that moulded the various lovely thoughts into one perfect whole. Sonnets lxi., cxix., cxlvi., are only instances where profoundest sense and brilliant imagination are blended with an unsurpassable artistic terseness, and where the antitheses are remarkable alike for sharpness and accuracy. If no other proof offered of Master Shakspeare's glorious intellect as unveiled in his sonnets, it would surely be sufficient to point to a series beginning with xviii., and continuing with scarcely any intermission to lxxvii., which ring an indescribably graceful set of changes on the simplest and yet most complex of all themes—"I love you." At the first hearing we may fancy we detect duplicates, but a closer attention brings to our apprehension new and charming shades of difference, the more truly appreciated because they must be listened for. Truly his delicately-tinted love sonnets are like the closely-folded petals of the rose he so dearly loved, each one differing somewhat from its neighbour, each modestly enclosing its own choice beauty and fragrance, each necessary to the perfect whole, and all binding in homage toward their common centre. But marvellous as is the "body" of these poems, so also is our admiration called forth for their poetry and music—the two beautiful garments in which they are clothed. Nearly every line runs over with poetry and turns to music on the tongue. Some of the finest passages in the sonnets are inspired by the observation of nature, for example, the whole of xxxiii. and lxxiii., and many passages scattered here and there. Music in poetry comprehends a great deal more than the liquid flow of syllables and the due adjustment of long and short

vowels. To be perfect it requires also the harmony of sentiment and sound. This finds its absolute fulfilment in *lxxi.*, in which the feeling and rhythm alike are eloquent of mournful self-abnegation. This perfect harmony of conception and form is observable in many others, notably in *xxix.*, *xxx.*, *liv.*, *lx.*, and *lxxxvii.*—Mr. S. E. Bengough read a paper on "The Use of Alliteration in Shakspeare's Poems." The predominance of alliteration forms a part of the very genius of our language; and while it gives force to the dialect of the rudest peasant, its artistic employment renders it capable, in the hand of the orator or poet, of marvels of expressiveness, infinitely various and often exquisitely delicate. In Anglo-Saxon poetry, the versification contains few rhymes and depends neither on the length nor the number of syllables in a line, but is based entirely on alliteration. And it has always played an important part in the rhythm of versification. As for force and harmony English prose is also much indebted to the skilful use of alliteration, it is astonishing that, in works on style in English literature and kindred subjects, its importance is so ignored. It is commonly alluded to as a trick which is rather to be avoided than otherwise. Its abuse is ridiculed, and then the matter is dropped. Now, if the use of marked alliteration in almost every sentence is a blemish, all our greatest masters of prose style did not know how to write English. It was then pointed out that alliteration is useful in (1) giving rhythm and emphasis, (2) accentuating antithesis, (3) associating allied or related ideas, (4) emphasising significant combinations of letters, (5) imparting effect to assonance; and examples of these were quoted from Shakspeare's poems and sonnets.—Mr. W. R. Etches read a paper on "Shakspeare's Autobiography in the Sonnets." He said that the biographical materials we possess are so scanty and so much of the nature of conjecture that we are unable to form any certain idea of what manner of man Shakspeare was in his daily life apart from his work. It is no wonder that we look eagerly to the sonnets for biography, although that which they reveal may not coincide with our preconceived idea of the great man's life. But even here all is not certainty. At the very outset we are disturbed by the perplexity which Thorpe has caused by writing only the initials "W. H." instead of "the onlie begetter's" full name. While adopting the generally received view that the letters stand for the name of William Herbert, there is a difficulty in believing that Shakspeare could have written such adulatory language to a man so weak, reckless, and mean, as Herbert. And although from a comparison of sonnets *xliv.*, *lxx.*, *lxxix.*, *cxviii.*, some reasons might be adduced for considering the "dark lady" as a dramatic device, yet from the flesh and blood likeness of all the descriptive sonnets, it is better to accept the personal interpretation; and the story of Mary Fitton in connexion with Herbert renders the double identification most probable. With all the flattering words used towards Herbert, who stands, as it were, for Shakspeare's dramatic ideal, the poet does not hesitate to tell "the tenth muse" (!) very decidedly about his faults (*xciv.*, *xcvi.*). Altogether the conclusion is irresistible, that, in the sonnets, Shakspeare is relating his own experience, although it is doubtful if he ever intended them for publication; and it is not likely that these are "the sugred sonnets" which Meres said Shakspeare had distributed "among his friends," for to these that description is certainly not appropriate.—"A Member" sent a paper on "The Two Angels of Sonnet *cxlv.*" In previous sonnet evidence exists that Shakspeare was making an effort to show that his love for the dark lady was not weakening his affection for his friend. The argument, however, was self-deluding. But yet it is interesting as representing the struggle between good and evil in the writer's soul. Although he recognises the woman's evil influence, his mad infatuation is too strong, and he remains in her toils. Sad it is to trace the progress of the sinful story; to witness the gradual uprooting of all pure friendship; the base degradation of manhood to be seen in the pitiful pleading for, at least, "a show of love"; the faint longing, now and then visible, after better things; and, finally, the determined extinction of reason, the wilful acceptance of evil, and the sad foreknowledge of eternal defeat and loss.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 30)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—A memoir by Mr. C. T. Martin (of the Public Record Office) was read by the secretary upon eleven deeds, mostly charters of feoffment, dating from 1439 to 1646. They had been found by the Rev. F. O. Marshall, Rector of Wilbraham Parva, in the parish chest, and relate to three several properties in that parish. One of these charters (No. 4, dated 1480) bears the signature of the Earl of Surrey, the victor of Flodden; Sir John Cheyne, who is mentioned in the same deed, afterwards fought by the side of the Duke of Richmond against Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth. In No. 5 mention is made of Anglesey Priory, a house of Austin Canons founded by Henry I., and granted at the Dissolution to John Hynde; of this a full account has been given in the *History of Bottisham* by Mr. E. Hailstone, issued by this society in 1873-78.—Mr. Jonas exhibited and described a collection of antiquities found within the last few years in the neighbourhood of Royston, of which the following are the most notable: A small gold annular brooch set with two red stones, and bearing a Christian legend *IESV . . .*, dating probably from the twelfth century A.D. Bronze bust of a Roman lady, three inches high; the hair is dressed in the style of the end of the third century A.D. Of the nine Saxon fibulae exhibited, the most remarkable were a pair, found at Barrington, with trefol and crescents at the ends, about two inches long; and a smaller annular one from Royston Heath, formed of thick wire, convoluted in half of its circuit. From the same place came a beautiful bronze awl, possibly Celtic, two inches long; one of similar form is given by Evans (*Ancient Bronze Implements*, p. 189, fig. 224).—A communication by the late Mr. C. W. King upon an antique calcedony-signet, bearing in intaglio the Fall of Kapanews, was read by the secretary. After alluding to the warnings against sin exhibited in the similar signet-devices—of Philoctetes, stung by the serpent in the very act of betraying the deposit of his dying master—of the impious Theseus fixed eternally upon his iron chair before the gates of Hades—and of the unconquerable Heracles, a victim to the potency of wine, he proceeded to describe the fate of Kapanews, struck down by Jove's lightning from the Theban walls which he had sworn to scale, even in Heaven's despite. The subject was a favourite with gem-engravers, and another example from the same collection on a sard (necessarily of different treatment) was exhibited; the calcedony had been traced back to the Comte de Caylus, to whose cabinet it belonged in 1762. It seems that in this case alone architectural details of the Kadmeian Gate and of the city-battlements have been introduced.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 4)

THE REV. DR. R. MORRIS in the chair.—Mr. A. J. Ellis first stated that of his work on "The Existing Phonology of English Dialects," on which he read reports this time last year and the year before, 333 pages were in type (of which 224 pages had been printed off), and that about 500 pages more would probably complete the work by May, 1889. The whole of the remainder of the MS. was complete, and a considerable portion of it corrected for press.—Mr. E. L. Brandreth then read a paper on "A Sub-Editor's Work for the Society's Dictionary." First, he has to hunt up the history of words. Take as a sample "Home Rule." Mr. Brandreth gave an amusing account of his applications to Home Rulers here, who knew nothing about the history of the phrase. The first name was "The Home Government Association for Ireland," 1870, started by the Protestants, in disgust at Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment measures. Mr. MacGuire, in his speech on June 26, 1871, was the first noted user of the term "Home Rule" in the House of Commons. Mr. Brodick (now the Warden of Merton) used it in a lecture in January, 1871, and printed the lecture in *Macmillan's* for May, 1871, "what is termed Home Rule." Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan, M.P., the editor of the *Nation*, says that in 1860, in an Irish petition to the Queen, printed in the *Nation* of July 28, the phrase "Home Rule" was used as its third heading by his late brother, A. M. Sullivan. The term was

nearly still-born, but revived in 1870 on the foundation of the Home Government Association for Ireland. Next, the sub-editor has to trace the changes of meaning in words—thus of home, it meant (1) the village community, as contrasted with the separate family dwelling *tun*. *Skr. ashema* is a place of rest; in Pali, *ham*, Nirvana (a blowing-out). Later, *tun* and *ham* changed meanings, though in Scotland "toon" is still the "home" or farm-buildings and yard. Again, "heat": meaning 5 in Johnson, is "one violent action intermitted"; this is justified by Dryden, "a cause between the heats." But "cause" is a mere misprint for "pause." Johnson also wrongly separates "heat" in a race into two meanings, and gives two definitions for it. Next, "heart": it is physically affected by emotions, and it is thus regarded as the seat of strong or deep emotions; thence it is transferred to the emotions themselves; it is the seat of courage and understanding, and courage and understanding themselves. "Learn by heart" is first used by Chaucer, but occurs in French a century earlier, "par quer," so that one phrase is probably a mere translation; it is not of Teutonic origin. "Heart" is often personified as "the heart went down on its knees" in the time of Elizabeth; it stands for "the whole man"; a person beloved is "a sweetheart." Next, "heal": means (1) cure, healing; (2) salubrity; (3) the state of the functions of the body. Last, Mr. Brandreth treated of "head," "language of the head," by movement and position, &c.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 7.)

THE PRESIDENT in the chair.—Miss A. B. Anderton read a paper on "The Character of Shylock." Shylock while repelling us by his cruelty, awakens our sympathy by reason of the disadvantages against which he had to contend. His cruelty is to be accounted for, to a great extent, by the hatred and contempt felt for the Jews by all Christians, and by the tyranny which had been exercised over them for centuries. Writers, imbued with this hatred, had thrown it, in all its bitterness, into the character of the Jew. Marlowe's "Barabas" may be taken as an illustration. Shakspeare, with his wider sympathies, saw the Jew's side of the question also; restrained to a great extent by public opinion, he yet succeeded in presenting to the world a man who at least wins our sympathy, though not our admiration. Shylock under his harsh exterior gives occasional glimpses of a softer nature which has been beaten down by love of money, his ruling passion for which everything is neglected. Its only rival is hatred for the Christians, national and personal; and this too, finally gives way to it as the stronger. In Antonio's necessity he sees a way of requiting the injuries done to himself and his race. After the loss of his daughter as well as of his money, his sole object is revenge; and this he pursues in spite of all efforts to appease him before and during the trial. But, at the last moment, he is disappointed, and finds himself reduced to giving up either his money or his religion and nationality. After a final struggle, he sacrifices the higher possessions for the lower, which has gained the full mastery over him. He returns to his home amid the contempt of all, except, perhaps, of Portia, who alone will be able to reconcile him to his daughter, if such a reconciliation ever takes place.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SOMETHING like what was once said of life may be said of this year's "Grosvenor." It would be tolerable if it were not for its important pictures. In the extraordinary composition which Mr. John Reid calls "Smugglers—Cornwall Sixty Years Ago," the artist seems to have determined to set aside all laws of nature and art. It is useless to attempt to criticise such a chaotic canvas, and all that can be said is that we hope he "won't do it again." The fiasco is all the more deplorable as Mr. Reid is

one of those always rare painters who have a true gift of colour. From Mr. E. F. Britten less was naturally expected; but he has done pleasant and clever work before, and there is much reason for disappointment at the large weak picture which is intended to bring before our eyes the spectacle of "A Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast," in 1572 (30). Mr. Arthur Hacker's large composition, "By the Waters of Babylon, &c." (93) has some dignity of conception and pathos of expression; but it is yet far below its subject, and the limbs of the figures are poor in shape and colour. Indeed, in more than ordinarily ambitious work, Mr. Jacob Hood is the only artist who can be sincerely congratulated. His "Triumph of Spring" (170) is sweet in colour and fresh in sentiment, full of pretty incident, especially of childish pose and expression, and is altogether a bright and pleasant vision.

The pictures by members of the Academy and other artists of long-standing reputation do not add much strength to the exhibition. Sir John Millais's portrait of "Sir Arthur Sullivan" (71) is not a success. Mr. Poynter's nameless half-figure (15) is dry and dull; in "Welcome," a large half-figure of a girl with bare arms, in a spring landscape, Mr. Boughton has for once chosen a subject unsuitable to his charming talents; and what Messrs. A. Moore, John Pettie, J. McWhirter, P. R. Morris, and G. D. Leslie have chosen to send to this gallery will not much enhance its reputation or their own. In an exhibition which may be generally characterised as one of disappointments, not the least is the contribution of the deservedly famous artist, Prof. Adolph Menzel. His "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona" (118) is indeed full of talent and knowledge, of admirably drawn figures and lively incident; but in colour (despite the bit of blue sky and sunny street in the distance) it reminds one of London on a dingy day, rather than of Verona.

It is rather on account of the poverty of its surroundings than to any very special merit that Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait of "Miss Mabel Galloway" (9) assumes a position of considerable importance in this exhibition. The painting, especially of dress and accessories like the Japanese vase and the peacock feathers, is no doubt of unusual dexterity, and there is a force of colour and presentment which is distinctive of the artist; but the arrangement of the legs is singularly unhappy, the background of stamped gilt paper or leather does not keep its place (so that the figure, though seated on the table, seems to be flat against the wall), and there is more show than refinement about the whole work. Both in its merits and defects, it differs much from Mr. Stuart Wortley's lively and beautiful portrait of "Mrs. Monckton" (144), where the mind of the painter has been solely engaged and his aim entirely satisfied in realising the charm of his sitter's face and character. In portrait-painting at least, "the subject" should be of paramount importance. There are other very good, if not superexcellent, portraits here. Among them may be reckoned Mr. J. J. Shannon's full-length of "Henry Vigne, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers" (151), which occupies a position of honour in the second gallery; two fine works of Mr. Holl, "Sir George Stephen" (29) and "Sir John Rose" (33); Mr. A. E. Elmslie's "speaking" likeness of the "Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed" (75); Mr. Jacob Hood's little portrait of "Mr. Cunningham Graham" (41); Mr. H. H. Gilchrist's striking portrait of "Walt Whitman" (192); Miss Blanche Jenkins's "Marjorie Sykes" (154); and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's unpretending likeness of "The Rev. Dr. Lowy" (180).

In landscape the most striking contributions are the brilliant autumn scenes of Mr. Keeley

Halswelle (133 and 157); and one which excels them in refinement, and even in brightness of colour—Mr. Ernest Parton's "St. Martin's Summer" (176), a wonderful work in its way. To these, however, we prefer many of the quieter scenes: the fine broad "Passing Showers" of Mr. R. W. Allan (129), the curious effects of moonlight by Mr. Linder (152, &c.); Mr. Mark Fisher's charming "Winter Fare" (165); Mr. David Murray's "Shine and Shower" (166)—perhaps the best landscape he has painted; and Mr. Arthur Lemon's delightful "Breezy Day" (189), with its beautifully drawn horses wandering at their will in a green hollow. This by no means exhausts the number of delightful landscapes. The names of A. Helcké, J. E. Grace, E. A. Waterlow, Adrian Stokes, Alfred East, Prof. Costa, Yeend King, E. H. Fahey, Mrs. Gosse and others might be mentioned; but most of these artists are better represented in other exhibitions now open. This, in fact, must be our sufficient excuse for closing our notice of the "Grosvenor" here, though, perhaps, strict comparative justice would require mention of some other pictures. For this year, at least, the glory of the "Grosvenor" has departed, and even those artists who have not deserted it have sent their best work elsewhere.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

It could hardly have been expected that within six months of the closing of the great display at Manchester another really important gathering of modern British art could have been brought together. But the activity and importance of loan committees seem to be irresistible; and the generosity of owners to be inexhaustible; and the promoters of the Glasgow Exhibition have succeeded in collecting, in the seven galleries that they have devoted to pictures, not only a very representative series of Scottish works, but also by far the most complete representation of English art that has ever been shown north of the Tweed.

The picture-buyers of the West have sent their treasures with a liberal hand, and much important aid has been received from well-known London collectors. Sir Charles Tennant, an extensive contributor, lends Gainsborough's "Sisters—Lady Erne and Lady Dillon" (which fetched so phenomenal a price at Mr. Graham of Skelmorlie's sale), and "The Little Fortune-Tellers" of Reynolds, whose fine profile bust of Mrs. Sheridan is lent by the Glasgow Corporation. Romney, at his best, is represented by his graceful full-length of "William Beckford," from Hamilton Palace, and by a seated portrait of "Lady Derby," crisp and delicate in handling, free from the unpleasant hotness which sometimes mars his flesh-tints, and especially broad and painter-like in the expression of the white brocaded drapery. Turner is seen in seven works in oil and over twenty water-colours. Of the former the finest is "The Vintage at Macon," with its mighty stretch of plain and its soft curve of river, painted in 1806, which was shown in the Grosvenor Gallery last year. Here, too, is the "Ivy Bridge," that harmonious subject of stream and woodland, in tones of golden green and ruddy brown, which figured in the Academy last winter; and the contrast between Turner's earlier and later manner is sharply emphasised for visitors to the Glasgow Exhibition by the close proximity to his "Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables," of 1804, and his "Wreck of the *Minotaur*" of the same period—works stern in colour, tending to blackness in the shadows, and definite in expression of form (even form so changeable as

that presented by the sweeping curves of waves) to his "Falls of Clyde," an unfinished work of his latest period—the faintest dream of fair colour, the merest vision of the radiancy of abstract light, with the least possible hold upon the actual, the slightest basis in visible nature. The water-colours include his early mellow and embrowned view of "Edinburgh from the Calton," several of the "Scott" vignettes, two "Southern Coast" subjects—"Poole" and "Lyme Regis"—and such of the larger drawings of his maturity as "Pembroke Castle," "The Falls of the Rhine," and "Dartmouth Cove."

Of the simple and manly art of David Cox, with its lush pastures and its silvery sunlit skies, we have an excellent selection of about forty works, including many productions of his later days, subdued in tone, summary in execution, pathetic in feeling, like the "Welsh Funeral" and Mr. Houldsworth's richly coloured, well-concentrated "Landscape with Red House"; and, in water-colour, Mr. Gaskill's large and powerful "Peat-Gatherers." Constable is represented by several landscapes, mainly of small size, sufficient to explain the method of his art, but hardly enough to show its full reach and utmost power. By Müller, along with minor examples, there is an important "Mediterranean Scene," under an effect of warm afternoon sunlight. Cotman, De Wint, Copley Fielding, William Hunt, James Holland, Palmer, Creswick, and Linnell are represented; Rossetti's "Daute's Dream" has a place of honour in the great gallery, where, too, hangs Lawson's "Barden Moor," and where, on the press-day, a place was reserved for Walker's "Bathers."

Among living English painters, Millais is seen mainly in works of his earlier period, like "The Rescue"; the only example of his broader, later style being his vigorous half-length of "Mrs. Jopling." By Sir Frederick Leighton is the colour-study for his "Andromache" in the present Academy, and his full-length of "Lady Sybil Primrose"; by Mr. Tadema, "The Siesta," "Pleading," "Rose of all Roses," and that moonlight subject, "The Improvisatore"; by Mr. Holman Hunt, the smaller version of "Christ in the Temple"; by Mr. Burne-Jones, "Idleness and the Pilgrim of Love," "Pan and Psyche," and the water-colour "Wheel of Fortune"; by Sir J. D. Linton, "The Banquet" and "The Benediction"; and by Mr. E. J. Gregory, his talented, but prosaic, full-length of "Thomas Chapman," and his earlier picture of "Dawn," interesting, this last, as a study of mingling sun- and candle-light, more interesting, in its figures—it's drowsy pianist and pair of flirting dancers—as a study of character, a glimpse of drama. Mr. Watts sends his imaginative figure-piece "Love and Life," and a noble group of portraits, including those of "Sir Henry Taylor" and "Lord Dufferin"; and beneath the latter hangs Mr. Albert Moore's "Midsummer," with its vivid notes of potent orange and sharp green striking against white and grey.

The series illustrative of Scottish art begins—if we except a head of Jamesone by himself—with Raeburn. His full-length of the "Seventh Duke of Argyll" is thin and cold in colour; but that of "The Countess of Moira and Lady Elizabeth Penelope Crichton"—a white-clad pair, maiden and comely matron, pacing arm in arm in a landscape—is a beautiful example of the painter, most harmonious in its union of figures and background and graceful in the flow of its draperies, if rather emphatic in the strongly pronounced carnations of the faces. Another double full-length of "The Fifth Earl of Dumfries and Flora Countess of Loudon" is also an effort of the painter in his higher

moments, and there are various good examples of his bust-sized portraits. The likeness of his daughter by George Watson is an excellent head by the first President of the Scottish Academy. In J. Graham-Gilbert's "William Couper, Esq.," the shrewd countenance is expressed with the crispest touch; and the portrait of Charles McKay, the actor, by Sir Daniel Macnee, contrasts, in its firm definition and warmth of colouring, with the indeterminate handling and leaden tones which characterise much of that painter's later work.

The exhibition has no quite capital work by Wilkie. His own early portrait is one of the best of them on the walls. The full-length of "George IV.," lent by the Queen, shows the vigour of his painting on the scale of life, but it wants the refined reticence of his gallery picture of Lord Kellie at Cupar, or even of his Lord Melville at St. Andrews. His sketch for "The Penny Wedding" only hints at the composition of that great work. His "Rabbit on the Wall" is terribly gone in the background, as is also his delicate head of Sir Walter Scott; and his "Washington Irving at La Rabida" represents one of the least pleasing phases of his last period. "The Entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh," and "Prince Charles in Hiding," are the two most important of Thomas Duncan's subject-pictures; by that excellent colourist and excellent art-instructor, R. Scott Lauder, are "Louis XI.," and "The Bride of Lammermoor"; and by David Scott, his impressive "Traitor's Gate."

In landscape, we have several works by Thomson of Duddington, including the "Glenluce Castle," so well known through Miller's fine engraving. The "Early Morning, South Shields," by Ewebank, is silvery and harmonious in its rendering of faint mist; a "River-Scene with Shipping" is an important and adequate example of Milne Donald, a Scottish landscapist, less known than he deserves; Macculloch and Harvey are both seen in landscape, and by the latter is the "Covenanter's Preaching"—that most national and popular of Scottish figure-pictures. "The Vale of St. John," by Bough, is spirited in touch and brilliant in effect; and in his "Barnclith" we find more breadth, more quietude and unity of colouring, and a more selective and expressive rendering of form than his water-colours commonly show. One of G. P. Chalmers's most vigorous landscapes, "Running Water," is hung in Gallery No. II.; and here also is his head of "J. C. Bell, Esq.," the most finished and artistic of his essays in portraiture.

The earlier work of John Phillip, hard and precise in execution, cold in tone, but always careful and clearly perceptive of both form and lighting, may be studied in his "Baptism in Scotland," painted in 1850. Several Spanish subjects show his gradual progress towards breadth of touch and effect and power as a colourist; and in "Il Cigarillo," 1864, we touch the moment—with this painter the period was hardly more—of his highest power. The rendering of the embrowned face in this picture, the delicate tone of the sun-lit grey-green panelling, the painting of the rosy dress contrasting with the brilliant pearly whiteness of the drapery beneath it, rank—as examples of mere painter's work, of the art of laying colour so as to be superlatively delightful—among the best triumphs of British art in our century.

We have left little space in which to refer to works by living painters of Scottish nationality. Two of the larger figure-pictures of Sir William Douglas, P.R.S.A., "The Magic Mirror," and the "Summons to the Secret Tribunal," find a place on the walls. Sir Noel Paton is represented by two of the best of his early pictures, "In Memoriam," and "Home," and by "The Fairy Raid," a romantic subject of his middle period. Quite a profusion of work by Mr. Orchardson

is shown—pictures, with the exception of "Master Baby," of comparatively small size, but all of them works of his maturity, done after the hard, dry execution, and the chill greyish-green colouring of his earlier days had given place to those delicate blendings of subtly interwoven colour which delight us in his work to-day. Among Mr. Pettie's subjects is "The Sword and Dagger Fight," one of the most dramatic and spirited of his productions; and Mr. W. McTaggart is at his very best in "Adrift," a party of children on a raft, painted in 1870-1.

In the foreign gallery there is an interesting gathering of works by such painters as Corot, Daubigny, Troyon, Millet, Courbet, Isabey, Rousseau, and, among the Dutchmen, Israels, the Maris, and the Mauves. But these are mingled with the works of men as alien in artistic aim, as diverse in colour-scheme, from these, and from one another, as Gérôme, Degas, and Bastien-Lepage; and the total effect of the collection is infinitely less rich and harmonious than was that of Mr. Hamilton Bruce's gallery which formed the great artistic feature of the Edinburgh Exhibition.

In addition to the Loan Section of the Fine Art Department, an extensive sale section of both British and Foreign art has been brought together, and the Sculpture Gallery contains a particularly rich collection of statuary and medals by English and continental masters.

J. M. GRAY.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE disappearance of Mr. Whistler and his followers has brought back the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists nearly to its old level. Among the subjects of pictures children, and dogs, and cats, and other specimens of the "homely" class are prevalent; but as Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, still remains, we have no right to complain of lack of originality. Yet surely Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, is less original than usual. We think we saw the Diana of his "Endymion" (242) last year on these walls, figuring as Aphrodite, and also as a modern domestic deity, seated in a rocking-chair. This year she appears behind a coat of blue paint. The drawing of the figure is careful, but there is little grace of line or attitude. In another work, "Pastoral: with Gorse" (122), this painter gives us a great expanse of sky, with a small corner of grass and a little gorse. Apart from the eccentricity of composition, there is much that is charming and truthful in this picture. Mr. Paget has a striking sketch of "Gudbrand Vigfusson" (144); Mr. J. S. Hill's "Black-shore" (149) is excellent in colour; and Mr. Edwin Ellis has adopted a new class of subject in his single contribution, "Summer" (279)—a stretch of shore, with figures, and goats, and a calm sea rippling in. The picture is a fine one, with less startling contrasts of colour than are usual with this artist. Another good seashore picture is "The Morning's Catch—Katwijk" (196), by Mr. Dudley Hardy. Mr. L. C. Henley's "Amorosamente" (201) and "Andante Expressivo" (206) are admirable figure studies, and Mr. H. S. Tuke has a very characteristic and masterly portrait of "His Honour Judge Bacon" (348). There are some excellent works in the water-colour room. Mr. T. B. Hardy, in his "Fishing Village, Picardy" (424), "Near Ambleteuse, Picardy" (381), and other pictures, is seen at his best; and Mr. Bernard Evans's autumnal landscape, "The Home of the Shepherd Lord, Wharfedale" (366); Mr. C. S. Mottram's "Grey

Weather" (462); Mr. David Law's "Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice" (394), deserve special attention.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund met on Wednesday last, May 9, at 4 p.m. at the rooms of the Zoological Society in Hanover Square, to pass the articles of association whereby the society has become a corporate body under the conditions established by Act of Parliament. The meeting was attended by Sir John Fowler (president), Sir Charles Newton and R. Stuart Poole, Esq. (vice-presidents of the Fund), Miss Amelia B. Edwards (hon. secretary), Mr. J. H. Baylis, Q.C., General Sir Charles Wilson, Prof. Hayter Lewis and Mr. A. S. Murray (members of the committee), &c. Mr. Baylis gave a short and lucid statement of the past and present constitution of the Fund, and exhibited the framed certificate of the registration of the society. And, after a few observations from Sir John Fowler, and a short speech by Mr. Poole proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Baylis for his invaluable advice and assistance during the reconstruction of the society, the meeting separated.

The members of the society met again in the evening in the same place at 9 p.m. to see some limelight views of the ruins of the great Temple of Bubastis, and of the objects discovered in the course of the season by M. Naville. Among the latter may be especially noted a superb colossal head of the goddess Hathor from the capital of a column of the time of Osorkon II., the statue of King Raian, and a fine colossal head of a Hyksos king, supposed to be a portrait of Apepi. The views were preceded by a short lecture delivered by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who also described them as they were shown. Miss Edwards and Mr. Stuart Poole made an earnest appeal to the subscribers for donations in aid of the expense of transporting these valuable monuments to England, and the sum of £79 6s. was subscribed upon the spot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TARATHA AND BABIA.

Oxford: May 13, 1888.

If Dr. Robertson Smith had taken the trouble to verify my statement concerning Taratha (*Géographie du Talmud*, p. 305, note 4), he would have seen that in mentioning Assemani's Janua I rejected it, and explained the word by Atarata. Still, that the idea of a gate as a divinity was known among the Semites can be seen from the name of *Sheariah* (1 Chron. viii. 38; ix. 44), of the locality in Judah called *Shaaraim*, and, finally, of *Taratim* (1 Chron. ii. 55), not to mention the assemblies which were holden at the gate. There was also the gate of heaven, which may be noticed in passing.

A. NEUBAUER.

Oxford: May 13, 1888.

Dr. Robertson Smith will see that I have not identified Babia with the goddess of Mabug, but only said that the word "was the Semitic translation of the name of the great goddess of Carchemish" (*Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.*, vii. 2, p. 257). As Damaskios affirms that she was worshipped by the Syrians I suppose I was justified in my statement; and I do not imagine that Dr. Robertson Smith will endorse the popular etymology assigned by Damaskios to the name. That the Semites were not unacquainted with a gate of heaven may be gathered from the name of Bab-ilu or Babylon, "the gate of God."

A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT has been elected a full member of the Royal Academy.

AN exhibition of the water-colour drawings of Cotman—which might with advantage have been held in London before now—is to be held in Norwich, which was the artist's native city, at the end of June or the beginning of July. The body of amateurs known as the Norwich Art Circle are the prime movers in the exhibition, which follows appropriately enough the tributes paid to two other Norwich painters—Thirle and Stark—by the gathering together, last year and the year before, of collections of their work. Of the Cotman exhibition an illustrated catalogue will in due course be published.

A publication of extreme interest and importance to the students of Rembrandt is very shortly to be made. It will consist of the issue—in at least four parts—of reproductions by permanent photographic process of the famous and accepted Rembrandt drawings in the Royal Museum of Berlin; in the Albertina, at Vienna; in the Louvre; in the British Museum; in the collections of the Duc d'Aumale, of M. Léon Bonnat, of Herr von Beckerath, of Mr. Malcolm, of Poltaloch, of Mr. Seymour Haden, of Mr. Holford, and of Mr. J. P. Heseltine. This enterprise is in no sense a mercenary speculation; and we have the greater pleasure in announcing it, because it is understood that any surplus money which may be found to accrue will be devoted to the issue of further reproductions. In London, Mr. A. W. Thibaudau, of 18 Green Street, St. Martin's Place, will be the recipient of subscriptions and the distributor of information. We may add that the two or three specimen reproductions which we have seen are uncommonly good.

THE New Gallery in Bond Street does credit to all concerned. The central hall—with its beautiful marble pillars, its gallery with gold balustrade, and its fountain—is very beautiful and effective. Mr. Robson, the architect, deserves all the praise he is likely to get, and that is no small share; and the same may be said of all concerned, from Messrs. Hallé and Carr to the workmen, who have raised this fairy palace in an incredibly short time. The two picture galleries are finely proportioned and admirably lighted, and the pictures have been hung with great judgment. As to the exhibition, all we can say at present is that it resembles an unusually good "Grosvenor," and that Mr. Burne Jones is quite "himself."

MESSRS. SOTHERY will sell on Friday and Saturday of next week a number of prints from several different collections, including examples (in various states) of Méryon, Seymour Haden, and Whistler, which do not very often come into the market.

AT the sale that took place at Christies' on Saturday, the directors of the National Gallery did not feel themselves justified in paying 4,100 guineas for the famous Sir Joshua, to which we referred last week. But they did authorise Sir Frederick Burton to give £420 for the superb portrait of "Endymion Porter," by Dobson; and they have since acquired two other important pictures knocked down to Messrs. Agnew on that occasion. "The Card Players," attributed to Nicholas Maas, but by some thought to be the work of another pupil of Rembrandt's, Karel Faber, or Fabritius (£1,375 10s.); and a portrait of a lady of the Braganza family by Van der Helst (£189).

A MEMORIAL tablet has been placed in the north transept of Chester Cathedral to the memory of the late Randolph Caldecott, who was born in Bridge Street, Chester, and was subsequently educated at King Henry VIII. School.

THE New English Art Club are issuing free tickets for Thursday evening, May 24, 7 to 10 p.m. This is intended chiefly for artisans and others unable to visit the gallery at ordinary times. Application should be to made Gleeson White, Esq., Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, W.

Echoes of Hellas—the elaborate work in which Prof. G. C. Warr and Mr. Walter Crane have conspired to preserve the memory of those Greek tableaux that were the talk of the town a few years ago—has just been distributed to the fortunate subscribers, 250 in number. The work consists of two volumes: (1) the letter-press and illustrations; and (2) the music, composed (mainly) by Mr. Walter Parratt and Mr. Malcolm Lawson, about which something will be said on another occasion. We must content ourselves now with calling attention to the marvellous skill with which the publishers, Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., have performed their task. The result is a triumph of English—or, perhaps we ought to say, Irish—colour-printing. Regarding Mr. Walter Crane's bold challenge to Flaxman in a very different style varying opinions will doubtless be held; but it is only just to call to mind the conditions under which the artist laboured—to reproduce the effect of the original tableaux, and to enclose each page of text within a decorative design. Some of the less ambitious attempts please us best—such as the weeping Andromache, the watchman on the palace roof, and the choruses on the two following pages. We must not omit to add that the profits of the publication, as of the performances, are to be given to the building fund in connexion with the ladies' department of King's College, London.

M. A. LANDRIN, keeper of the museum of ethnography at the Trocadéro, has just put forth some very useful *Instructions Sommaire* (Paris: Roussel), to aid collectors of objects of ethnographical archaeology. The classification is clearly made, not exhaustive but suggestive, and affords valuable hints to all who desire to learn, or to be reminded of, what is worth collecting.

THE STAGE.

"THE POMPADOUR."

MESSRS. WILLS AND GRUNDY'S piece at the Haymarket, founded on the "Narcisse" of Emil Brachvogel, which in its turn is said to have been suggested—though it must have been very indirectly indeed—by the *Neveu de Rameau* of Diderot, is a piece which probably requires what it obtains—elaborate scenic illustration; for, unlike the remarkable bit of literature which gave it—one does not quite know how—the germ of its being, the rarest of all eulogies can never be pronounced on it: "*cela remue beaucoup d'idées*." No; it is a piece with merits, but a piece which deals rather thinly with the problems and the persons of the time in which the action passes—a piece which affords occasion for a panoramic vision, so to say, of the time's ceremonies and splendours, but no fresh illumination of the characters in history, and in the history of letters, who for a while occupy the scene. The fact is, Grimm and Diderot—thought-laden personages at all events—and the bright star of the period—"Wit's self, Voltaire," as Mr. Browning calls him—are assigned parts in the piece which are not really revealing—parts only comparable with those which in "Masks and Faces" are identified, by hook or by crook, with the famous characters of Colley Cibber and Kitty

Clive. Attempt is reasonably made that they shall talk well, in more scenes than one; and so they do; for Mr. Grundy at least—strong and nervous at need, as he has before shown us—has, among his other gifts, the capacity for smartness. And some good things are said; some of them so good as to show that in our own day the art of conversation has been not so much lost as transferred to writing-paper. Still, Mr. Wills and Mr. Grundy have not been made by nature or by cultivation quite of the size of these literary giants of the eighteenth century. They do not quite bring before you the characteristics, or continue the brilliance, of these famous people. And, again, they tamper with history. In doing so they are within their rights in the matter; but there is none the less an obligation to recognise that while their sketch of Louis Quinze is fairly veracious, and their introduction of Marie Leckinska neither ineffective nor seriously untrue, the main story of the Pompadour's relations with her husband has no foundation in anything that the Brothers De Goncourt, or more profound historians, have discovered in her career. And, as regards the invented story, I cannot find it to be so very moving. Your sympathy cannot possibly be given to the Pompadour. Whatever Mr. Wills and Mr. Grundy have done or left undone, they have made no attempt to whitewash her. But can serious sympathy be fully given even to the half-witted husband whom she has deserted? And, as to the fortunes of Mathilde de Boufflers and her honourable lover, they are too much of a mere episode to be very stirring or engaging. There is, on the whole, some want of concentration—some lack of an interest obviously central and dominant—though for the most part one's sympathies are with Narcisse.

So far as the scenic effect is concerned, it could hardly be more charming. Not only is the work well done by what are called the practical people, but Mr. Comyns Carr's taste as an art critic—who, to be worth twopence, must see things with freshness, and possess the happy faculty of getting out of grooves—is of visible use. One or two points in which yet more marked local colour might, I think, have been given, I take leave to point out. A certain element of stage picturesqueness comes somehow into the scenery and the setting—into the foliage and disposition—of the garden-scene, outside the château. Here would have been a splendid opportunity, not of adopting more or less, but of realising absolutely, one of Watteau's pictures. With infinite effectiveness a work so characteristic of Watteau and of the period he influenced as "La Perspective"—the line engraving, by Crepy, is before me as I write—might have been used in its entirety. It is a composition quite as appropriate, and much more French, and much more beautiful, than the pretty scene which they have actually got. And, in Mme. de Pompadour's boudoir—a very pretty boudoir, though a little too much swept and garnished—I would have had, at all events, some further suggestion of the pursuits the woman did not only affect, but must have really enjoyed. For, with a curious sensibility to all the forms of art, the Pompadour was more than ambitious and more than merely pleasure loving. Allusion

is made in the piece to music; and, if my memory serves me, an instrument is visible. But there should have been more books about. Was she not very particular as to her bindings? Are not her bindings, now, the treasures of connoisseurs? And do Messrs. Wills and Grundy—does Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree—happen to know that the branch of art talked of to satiety nowadays—I mean etching—was practised by M^{de} de Pompadour, under Boucher's direction? I should like to have seen what we might have taken for a "proof" or so of those now rare little prints—M. Burty had a set of them—lying on the table on which there nods the porcelain mandarin which Mr. Beerbohm-Tree addresses. Tiny details: yet these and such as these would have given the picture of the time and the characters yet more life and verisimilitude. There was room for so many. As for the dresses—silks, satins, and brocades—they are perfection, absolutely. And, at a particular moment, they move—they and the comely people who are in them—figuratively, if not literally,

"To Rameau's notes, in dances by Gardel."

That is, they are admirably quaint and belong to the elder world.

Now about the acting. Narcisse, the deserted, half-crazed husband, is certainly the chief character; and he is played by Mr. Tree with force, with picturesqueness, in tones now and then that are really touching. It is to Mr. Tree's disadvantage, however, in performing this part, that his weird and interesting—albeit not quite perfect—performance of Gringoire in "The Ballad Monger" has been seen so recently. Mr. Tree is a master of "make-up"; and he is very varied; he has many resources. But he has not been able to divest his Narcisse—especially in gesture and carriage—of certain of the attributes of Gringoire. I do not see that in this piece he lays himself open to the common charge of occupying the stage and the audience too persistently. He gives, to my mind, conclusive evidence—and especially by the discretion of his pathos and its true ring—of his capacity to be something more than the very skilful character-actor everybody allows him to be. Mrs. Tree, it is clear, has left nothing undone by aid of which she could identify herself with the Pompadour. I can conceive the part played with more authority and magnetism: hardly with greater delicacy, intelligence, or care. She has moments—the moment of one entry in particular—in which she is wholly admirable. The part of the Queen is made, for its brevity, extraordinarily effective. The material here is small, but it is very good, every word tells; and Miss Rose Leclercq is at her very best in using it. Miss Le Thiere, in a small part, is fairly French and of the eighteenth century. Miss Janet Achurch, as Mathilde de Boufflers—the young lady-in-waiting, who is in love with the Pompadour's son—looks the part, which is a sympathetic and pleasant one, very well. And her pleading for the youth's life—when, with parentage unsuspected, he is condemned to death—has pathos in it, of course. I take exception to nothing but a want of directness—the very quality Miss Achurch, in "Partners," was so exceptionally strong in—in the delivery of her lines in her first scene: a method

and a pitch of voice adopted deliberately no doubt, but I cannot see to what purpose. Mr. Ashley—for an actor who has been much in comic opera—is discreet as the king. Mr. Royce Carlton—whom one is accustomed to find effective—is not very strong as the Duc de Choiseul. (The authors, by the by, have not been able to give us any glimpse of the wife of this personage, who, as her correspondence with M^{de} de Deffand sufficiently proves, must, for goodness and simplicity, have been at that Court of Louis Quinze as the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land.) Mr. Brookfield, in his Voltaire, has probably given due remembrance to Latour's pastel—is it at Edmond de Goncourt's or is it at St. Quentin?—which is no doubt Voltaire's most veracious portrait. Mr. Brookfield's manner is rightly incisive; but—partly by stooping so much: by a needless physical decrepitude—he presents us with a Voltaire a good deal older than the philosopher really was at the time of the action of this piece. Grimm and Diderot—a Diderot, by the bye, who has not a word to say about the arts to which his life was a devotion—are played by Mr. Allan and Mr. Voltaire well enough and pungently; and Mr. Harrison—to name the actor of a part still less important—says his few lines with uncommon point. And indeed, though I have made my strictures freely, it is plain, no doubt, that everything in the production has been done with intelligence. I am told that the words "moderate success"—which were used in a brief paragraph last week—described inadequately the financial situation.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK"—which has been played at the Olympic in the morning, with Mr. Willard as the chief attraction—was put into the evening bill at the same theatre on Wednesday night, Mr. Willard's practically indispensable services being, of course, retained.

THERE is talk of no less than three versions of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Perhaps we shall see in London the version by Mr. Joseph Hatton, which was played, some while since, in the North. Certainly we are to see, at a *matinée*, a version in which Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington will present themselves before the public in important and attractive parts; and likewise—but this will be at night—a version which Mr. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes have prepared for the new management of the Royalty. This last—in which Mr. Forbes Robertson, we believe, will play Arthur Dimsdale—will re-introduce to the London public the distinguished young American actress, Miss Calhoun.

THE performances of Mr. Seeborn's version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—memorable chiefly for the acting of Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Annie Hughes—having now been stopped, we have instead, at Terry's Theatre, for at least a few mornings, Mrs. Burnett's own version of her naïve and pretty story.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. C. HALLÉ commenced his series of Chamber Music Concerts at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 11. A Quintet for piano and strings in A (Op. 81) by Dvorák proved an interesting novelty. The opening Allegro is not at first impressive; but the composer, by his power of thematic development, soon commands the attention of the listener. The second movement is a Dumka (Elegy); but, although it is clever and quaint, it is spun out to so great length as to become monotonous. The Dumka of the E flat Quartet is a more favourable specimen of Dvorák's specially "Czechish" music. The Scherzo of the Quintet is full of life, while the Finale brings the work to a worthy conclusion. Mr. Hallé and his associates, M^{de} Norman-Néruda and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and F. Néruda, all played most admirably. Mr. Hallé gave the Beethoven Sonata in F sharp (Op. 78) with his usual finish and precision. The programme included Bach's Sonata in E for piano and violin, and the Brahms' Pianoforte Quintet. There was a good attendance. Mr. Hallé has announced this season several interesting novelties—among other things, an MS. Intermezzo (Trio) by the late Stephen Heller.

Bach's Mass in B minor was performed by the Bach Choir on Saturday, May 12, under the direction of Dr. Stanford. It is now twelve years since this great work was first given in London; and, like the Choral Symphony, the better it is known the more marvellous does it appear. The solo numbers remind one painfully how time has already laid his destroying hand on the music. The orchestra, as composed in Bach's time, is no longer possible. When will some genius arise and do for Bach what Mozart did for Handel? The closer we keep to the letter of the Bach score as he left it, the farther do we get from the spirit—especially in the accompaniments to the solos. The performance was not all that could be desired; the orchestra was at times rough, and the choral singing lacking in refinement. Of course it is only fair to bear in mind the great difficulties of the music, but we can recall more successful performances of the work. The solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Damian, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Watkin Mills. The last-named deserves praise for his rendering of the difficult "Quoniam."

The programme of the second Richter concert on Monday evening was, in large part, devoted to Wagner. Besides the oft-played Introduction and closing scene from "Tristan," and the Ritt der Walküren, Herr Richter introduced, for the first time, the closing scene from the "Götterdämmerung." Wagner's music always loses more or less of its effect when given away from the stage; but the more or less depends upon the particular character of the excerpt: more, if the prevailing element be dramatic; less, if lyrical. The closing scene of the "Götterdämmerung" is essentially dramatic, and we must frankly say that in a concert room it is not effective; and without the hidden orchestra, the balance of tone is not satisfactory. Miss Pauline Cramer as Brunnhilde had a hard task. Some of the passages were extremely well rendered, but in others she was scarcely equal to her task. In the second part of the programme Dr. Stanford's "Irish" Symphony was given; a work, which in a very short time, has become almost popular.

Mr. Oscar Beringer gave his annual pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. A feature of the programme was a Trio of Beethoven's for piano, flute and bassoon in G, recently published by Breitkopf & Härtel. It is an early work of the composer's,

supposed to have been written at Bonn in 1786. The music is pleasing, but thoroughly Mozartish. Mr. Beringer was, we think, not at all justified in giving it as a trio for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, and most unwise in making some alterations in the last movement Andante con Variazione. In the second variation some of the flute part was omitted, and the violin played a passage allotted to the bassoon. So, again, alterations were made in variation iv., and in variation vi. ornamental pizzicato notes being added by the cellist. It is not a work of great importance, but nevertheless the composer's intentions ought to have been fully respected. Mr. Beringer played Liszt's Rhapsodie Elegiaque, in memory of Mr. W. Bache; Schumann's Sonata in G minor, and short pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, and Mackenzie, meeting with his usual success. Also, with his talented pupil, Mr. L. Arditi, he played Liszt's "Tasso," arranged for two piano-fortes. Miss A. Trebelli was the vocalist, Herr Ludwig violinist, and Mr. E. Howell violoncellist.

The Grieg concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening was one of special interest. In the Norwegian composer's music almost everything depends upon the mode of interpretation. Composers are not always the best interpreters of their own work, but Herr Grieg knows exactly how to render effective every little point of his delicate tone-poems for the pianoforte. His selection of pieces included the picturesque "On the mountains" and the "Norwegian Bridal Procession" from Op. 17; two numbers from the delightful Humoresken (Op. 6), the Menuet from the Piano Sonata in E minor, and some very short but dainty numbers from the Norwegian folk-songs and dances (Op. 12). Mdma. Norman-Néruda played with Herr Grieg the early piano-forte and violin Sonata in F (Op. 8) and two movements from the new one in C minor performed lately at one of Mr. Dannreuther's concerts. But, attractive as all this was, the vocal portion of the programme was, perhaps, listened to with the keenest interest. Six of the composer's most charming and characteristic songs were sung by Mdma. Grieg with great feeling and intelligence, and in the style of one born and bred among the silver-crested mountains and romantic firds of Norway. And her husband at the pianoforte was one with her in spirit. To say a word in praise of Herr Grieg's songs would be impertinent, for they are world-famed. The enthusiastic applause and the numerous encores proved how thoroughly the whole programme was enjoyed. Herr Grieg and his wife cannot think that England is not a musical nation; and when they return home the remembrance of their visit to London will surely be one of unmixed pleasure.

Otto Hegner played the Weber Concertstück at his recital at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, and gave an accurate and vivid rendering of this difficult bravura concert piece. As he cannot strike the octave, many of the passages had to be altered; and, besides, the orchestral accompaniment was played on a second pianoforte. With hands capable of stretching the octave, and an orchestra to support him, Otto Hegner would have produced a still more wonderful effect.

Space compels us to omit notice of many concerts this week, but we must say one word about the recital of Mdlle. Kleeberg at the Prince's Hall. In her rendering of two Sonatas by Beethoven and various other pieces she was heard at her very best; indeed, she more than maintained her reputation. This young and talented artiste is showing the best of all signs—progress.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

WALTER SCOTT'S LIST.

GREAT WRITERS.

A NEW SERIES OF CRITICAL BIOGRAPHIES.

MONTHLY SHILLING VOLUMES.

Edited by Professor E. S. ROBERTSON.

May Volume now ready.

LIFE of VICTOR HUGO. By Frank T. MARZIALS.

Volumes already issued—
LIFE of LONGFELLOW. By Prof. Eric S. Robertson.
LIFE of COLERIDGE. By Hall Calne.
LIFE of DICKENS. By Frank T. Marzials.
LIFE of DANTE GABRIEL ROSSSETTI. By Joseph Knight.
LIFE of SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Col. F. Grant.
LIFE of DARWIN. By G. T. Bettany.
LIFE of CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Augustine Birrell.
LIFE of THOMAS CARLYLE. By Richard Garnett, LL.D.
LIFE of ADAM SMITH. By R. B. Haldane, M.P.
LIFE of JOHN KEATS. By W. M. Hays.
LIFE of SHELLEY. By William Sharp.
LIFE of SMOLLETT. By David Dobson.
LIFE of GOLDSMITH. By Austin Dobson.
LIFE of SCOTT. By Professor G. D. Young.

LIFE of BURNS. By Prof. J. Stuart Blackie.

To be followed by

LIFE of EMERSON. By Dr. R. GARNETT. [Ready May 25.]

Printed on Large Paper of extra quality, in handsome binding, demy 8vo, price 2s. 6d. per Volume. Each Volume contains complete Bibliography, compiled by J. P. ANDERSON, of the British Museum.

THE CANTERBURY POETS

IN SHILLING MONTHLY VOLUMES.

Edited by WILLIAM SHARP.

May Volume now ready.

SONG TIDE: Poems and Lyrics of Love's Joy and Sorrow. By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. With an Introduction by WILLIAM SHARP.

Volumes already issued—

CHRISTIAN YEAR.	HOOG.
COLERIDGE.	GOLDSMITH.
LONGFELLOW.	ERIC MACKAY'S LOVE LETTERS of a VIOLINIST, &c.
CAMPBELL.	SPENSER.
SHELLEY.	CHILDREN of the POETS.
WORDSWORTH.	BEN JONSON.
BLAKE.	BYRON. 2 vols.
WHITTIER.	SONNETS of EUROPE.
POE.	ALLAN RAMSAY.
CHATTERTON.	SYDNEY DOBELL.
BURNS. Songs.	POPE.
BURNS. Poems.	HEINE.
MARLOWE.	BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.
KEATS.	BOWLES, LAMB and HARTLEY COLERIDGE.
HERBERT.	EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.
VICTOR HUGO.	SIR A. M. S.
COWPER.	HEIRICK.
SHAKESPEARE: SONGS, POEMS and SONNETS.	BALLADES and RONDEAUX.
EMERSON.	IRISH MINSTRELSY.
SONNETS of this CENTURY.	PARADISE LOST.
WHITMAN.	JACOBITE SONGS and BALLADS.
SCOTT. Lady of the Lake, &c.	AUSTRALIAN BALLADS and RHYMES.
SCOTT. Marmion, &c.	
PRÆD.	
MOORE'S POEMS.	

BORDER BALLADS.

To be followed by

ODES of HORACE. Translated and Edited by Sir STEPHEN DE VERE, Bart.

[Ready May 25.]

Cloth, red edges, 1s.; cloth, uncut edges, 1s.; red roan, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; padded morocco, round corners, gilt edges, in box, 5s.; and half-morocco, gilt top, antique.

THE CAMELOT SERIES.

IN SHILLING MONTHLY VOLUMES, crown 8vo.

May Volume now ready.

THE MORALS of SENECA. Selections from his Prose. Edited by WALTER OLODE.

Volumes already issued.

ROMANCE of KING ARTHUR.	LONGFELLOW'S PROSE WORKS.
WALDEN. By H. Thoreau.	SARTOR RESARTUS.
CONFESSIONS of an ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER. By Thomas De Quincey.	GREAT MUSICAL COMPOSERS.
LANDON'S CONVERSATIONS.	MARCUS AURELIUS.
PLUTARCH'S LIVES.	SPECIMEN DAYS in AMERICA.
SIR T. BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI, &c.	By Walt Whitman.
ESSAYS and LETTERS of PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.	WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY of SELBORNE.
PROSE WRITINGS of SWIFT.	DEFOE'S CAPTAIN SINGLETON.
MY STUDY WINDOWS. By James R. Lowell.	ESSAYS; Literary and Political.
GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS.	By Joseph Mazzini.
By Cunningham.	PROSE WRITINGS of HEINE.
LORD BYRON'S LETTERS.	REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES.
ESSAYS by LEIGH HUNT.	THE LOVER, and other Papers of Steele and Addison.
	BURNS'S LETTERS.
	VOLSUNGA SAGA.
	EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

To be followed by

DEMOCRATIC VISTAS, and other Papers. By WALT WHITMAN. [Ready May 25.]

(Substituted for LORD HERBERT of CHERBURY Ready June 25.)

Cloth, cut edges, 1s.; cloth, uncut edges, 1s.; red roan, gilt edges, 3s.; and half-morocco, gilt top, antique.

London: WALTER SCOTT, 24, Warwick-lane.

VIZETELLY & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

Recently Published Masterpieces of French Fiction. In large 8vo, beautifully printed and bound, and illustrated with 40 charming Etchings by PAUL AVRIL, price 15s.

MY UNCLE BARBASSOU. By Mario UCHARD.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. In demy 8vo, illustrated with 10 Full-page Etchings by C. COURTEY, price 7s. 6d.

THE BOHEMIANS of the LATIN QUARTER (Scènes de la Vie de Bohême). By HENRI MURGER.

"The preliminary account of Murger and his associates adds considerably to the value and interest of this exceptionally well-translated version of the 'Scènes de la Vie de Bohême.'"—*Academy*.

In crown 8vo, with Page Illustrs, by JAMES TISSOT, 6s.

RENEE MAUPERIN. By E. and J. DE GONCOURT.

M. ZOLA'S MUCH-DISCUSSSED NOVEL.

THE SOIL (La Terre). By Emile Zola. In crown 8vo, with Frontispiece by H. GRAY, 6s.

The NEW NOVEL by the AUTHOR of "THE IRONMASTER." Price 6s.

WILL (Volonte). By Georges OHNET. [Shortly.]

NEW VOLUME of VIZETELLY'S CELEBRATED RUSSIAN NOVELS.

UNCLE'S DREAM, and The PERMANENT HUSBAND. By FEDOR DOBTOIEFF-SKY, Author of "Crime and Punishment," &c. Price 6s. [Shortly.]

A GARDEN of TARES. By John HILL and CLEMENT HOPKINS. In crown 8vo, price 6s. [Shortly.]

IN HERSELF COMPLETE: a Love Story. By FRANCIS FORBES-ROBERTSON. With a Frontispiece. Price 3s. 6d. [Shortly.]

NEW VOLUME of the "MERMAID" SERIES. With Portrait from the Picture by Sir Peter Lely. **THE COMPLETE PLAYS of WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.** Edited by W. C. WARD. 556 pp., 2s. 6d.

VIZETELLY & CO., 42, CATHERINE-ST., STRAND, And 16, HENRIETTA-STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

THE NEW TRANSLATION of DON QUIXOTE.

Just published.

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN, **DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.**

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

A NEW EDITION,

Done into English, with Notes and a new Life of the Author, by HENRY E. WATTS.

To be completed in 5 thick volumes, small 4to (the first two are ready), half-bound, vellum. Price to Subscribers, £4; Publishing price, £5 5s.

Vol. I. comprises the Biography, Criticism, and Bibliography.

Vol. II. comprises the first volume of the new translation of Don Quixote.

Vols. III.-V. will be ready during the year.

No volume is sold separately. The whole edition is limited to 250 numbered copies.

BERNARD QUARITCH, 15, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Just published.

THE ART OF

WOOD-ENGRAVING in ITALY IN the FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

By FRIEDRICH LIPPMANN,

Director of the Royal Print-Room at Berlin.

English Edition, with extensive corrections and additions by the Author, which have not appeared in the German original.

1 volume, imp. 8vo, with Sixty Facsimiles of the choicest early Italian Woodcuts, Roxburghe binding, 25s.

The edition consists of only 600 copies.

BERNARD QUARITCH, 15, PICCADILLY, LONDON.